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CONTENTS

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WORCESTER'S UNIVERSAL AND CRITICAL DICTIONARY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D.

One Volume, octavo, sheep, pp.1032.

The Publishers respectfully invite attention to the following eminent testimony to the excellence of this standard Dictionary.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1848.

C. F. HOFFMAN, Editor.

Reviews.

Poems. By James Russell Lowell. Second series. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848.

THE neutral-tinted covers wherein our New England friends are in the habit of enclosing their poetry, always excite a pleasing expectancy when they greet our sight among the green, scarlet, and dingy contents of our book-table. They suggest, at a glance, a dainty treat. We are confident that some quaint expression, fanciful image, or sweet versification awaits our enjoyment. The clear and inviting page seems to whisper, at least, a pure message, and we invariably place the promising volume aside for the more "breathing time of day." The superior refinement which these emanations of northern genius indicate, both in their outward guise and intrinsic spirit, is quite characteristic. Boston and its vicinity is the region of culture, and of that mental attrition which results in polish. A nicety of execution, a carefulness of arrangement, and a very decided moral aim and tone are demanded by the social requisitions of that section of the land. And in such qualities we are seldom disappointed by the acknowledged poets of New England. On the other hand, they are deficient, to our thinking, in naturalness and spontaneity. Art predominates in their verse. There is more of intellectual force than of poetic emotion; and the play of fancy shows itself rather in ingenuity of expression than warmth of imagery. Their poetry, instead of being the uncontrollable utterance of an o'ermastering sentiment—the lyric gush of feeling,—appears to be calmly and thoughtfully elaborated. An over-consciousness is evident. We cannot but think, as we read, of Mosaic-workers—who first collect fragments of gems, and then patiently adapt them to each other—making a very tasteful and brilliant picture, the tints of which, however, do not flow into each other like those of the iris on a dove's neck, but rather exhibit outlines which often betray the fact that they are patchwork after all, though very beautifully designed, and combined with excellent judgment. Now, we confess a partiality for openness, both of inspiration and effect. We are more stirred by unity than variety. It is a great principle of art, and its existence appears to us to mark precisely the difference between genius and talent—the one being a spontaneous and complete utterance, the other ingeniously combined expression.

Mr. Lowell, in whose elegant volume we find confirmation of these views, has the liveliest poetic sympathies, and has studied the art of versification with taste and care. Several of the pieces in the volume before us are delightful in their way. When confining himself to simple narration, we think him most successful. As an evidence, take the following:—

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG.

"THE tower of old St. Nicholas soared upwards to the skies,
Like some huge piece of Nature's make, the growth of centuries;
You could not deem its crowding spires a work of human art,
They seemed to struggle lightward from a sturdy living heart.

"Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak.
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that grey pile she spoke;
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient stone.

"It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet so rough,
A whim of Nature crystallized slowly in granite tough;
The thick spires yearned towards the sky in quaint, harmonious lines,
And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove of blasted pines.

"Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with better right
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of light;
And, in that forest petrified, as forester there dwells
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all its bells.

"Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward red as blood,
Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddying flood;
For miles away, the fiery spray poured down its deadly rain,
And back and forth the billows sucked, and paused, and burst again.

"From square to square with tiger leaps, rushed on the lustful fire,
The air to leeward shuddered with the gasps of its desire;
And church and palace, which even now stood whelmed but to the knee,
Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid the whirling sea.

"Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with quiet look;
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last forsook;
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway would unfold
Through this red sea for faithful hearts, as once he did of old.

"But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good saint call,
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the churchyard wall;
And, ere a *pater* half was said, 'mid smoke and crackling glare,
His island tower scarce juts its head above the wide despair.

"Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood up sublime;
His first thought was for God above, his next was for his chime;
'Sing now and make your voices heard in hymns of praise,' cried he,
'As did the Israelites of old, safe walking through the sea!'

"Through this red sea our God hath made the pathway safe to shore;
Our promised land stands full in sight; shout now as ne'er before!
And as the tower came crushing down, the bells, in clear accord,
Pealed forth the grand old German hymn,—'All good souls, praise the Lord!'

"To the Past," "The Royal Pedigree," and "Remembered Music" remind us too strongly of Tennyson, of whom Mr. Lowell seems often an unconscious imitator. The lines "On a Portrait by Dante," are inferior in pith and harmony the admirable Lines on a Bust of Dante by the young Bostonian who so ably translated the first ten books of the *Inferno*, to which the verses are appended. We doubt whether the first development of a young poet is much facilitated by the habitual reading of favorite authors. In these poems we are struck with the superiority of the effusions which appear to have been suggested by some local incident, to those which are obviously modelled upon the old English or modern metaphysical bards. Imitation, whether conscious or unconscious, leads to a certain involution of language which has an artificial, and, therefore, injurious effect. Such phrases as "the slender clarion of the unseen midge," and "the frothy gnashed tusks of some ship-crunching bay"—are altogether too far-fetched and extravagant; and entirely unworthy of one who can express himself with manly simplicity. We are not

in a fault-finding mood with Mr. Lowell; we are only a little provoked that a poet, with so much of the genuine *mens divini*, should ever suffer himself to fall into affectation. The following is a beautiful little poem, and atones, by its nature and feeling, for a thousand offences against the dignity of the muse:

TO THE DANDELION.

"DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

"Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

"Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tint,
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

"Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap,—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

"My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song.
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

"How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book."

The school of which Mr. Lowell may be considered a representative, seems to us to sacrifice the earnestness and absolute truth of poetry by too diffusive a scope. The affections as they really exist in the human heart, are individual, and especially so in the poetic nature, which is distinguished by a more select as well as a more genial sympathy. We are conservative enough to believe in some of the old, unostentatious, nestling emotions of which people were not ashamed in the olden times; and observation has made us extremely sceptical in regard to modern philanthropy. We doubt not that Mr. Lowell is sincere in his zeal for the welfare of mankind in general, and the African race in particular; but in a spirit of the most friendly warning, we beg him not to yield a single inch to the encroachments of cant! Another trait which, in our view, derogates from the highest influence of poetry, is personality. It is very true that all good poetry must be written from experience, but this experience should appear in results and not as a process. We cannot reconcile the publication of a man's domestic history with true delicacy and self-respect. The bard may write of Love to his heart's content, and should do so; it is his duty and his inspiration—but the public should never be informed in detail, by the muse, of births, marriages, and deaths.

We have found so much to charm us in this little volume, that we could not pass it by with a general word of commendation; but have felt impelled to make a few suggestions, to a writer who has too real a sense of beauty and too independent a spirit to be satisfied with indiscriminate praise. There is more terseness, clearness, and point in these than the author's previous verses. Mere fantasy is less predominant; there is more reflection and a greater directness of language and ideas. We have room for only one more extract, which will give the reader a very good notion of Mr. Lowell's best style:—

"THE CAPTIVE.

- "It was past the hour of trying,
But she lingered for him still;
Like a child, the eager streamlet
Leaped and laughed down the hill,
Happy to be free at twilight
From its toiling at the mill.
- "Then the great moon on a sudden,
Ominous, and red as blood,
Startling as a new creation,
O'er the eastern hill-top stood,
Casting deep and deeper shadows
Through the mystery of the wood.
- "Dread closed huge and vague about her,
And her thoughts turned fearfully
To her heart, if there some shelter
From the silence there might be,
Like bare cedars leaning behind
From the blighting of the sea.
- "Yet he came not, and the stillness
Dampened round her like a tomb;
She could feel cold eyes of spirits
Looking on her through the gloom,
She could hear the groping footsteps
Of some blind, gigantic doom.
- "Suddenly the silence wavered
Like a light mist in the wind,
For a voice broke gently through it,
Felt like sunshine by the blind,
And the dread, like mist in sunshine,
Furled serenely from her mind.
- "Once my love, my love for ever,
Flesh or spirit, still the same;
If I missed the hour of trying,
Do not think my faith to blame,
I, alas, was made a captive,
As from Holy Land I came.
- "On a green spot in the desert,
Gleaming like an emerald star,
Where a palm-tree, in lone silence,
Yearning for its mate afar,
Droops above a silver rannel,
Slender as a scimitar,—
- "There thou 'lt find the humble postern
To the castle of my foe;
If thy love burn clear and faithful,
Strike the gateway, green and low,
Ask to enter, and the warder
Surely will not say thee no."
- "Slept again the aspen silence,
But her loneliness was o'er;
Round her heart a motherly patience
Wrapt its arms for evermore;
From her soul ebbed back the sorrow,
Leaving smooth the golden shore.
- "Donned she now the pilgrim's cloak,
Took the pilgrim's staff in hand;
Like a cloud-shade, flitting eastward,
Wandered she o'er sea and land;
Her soft footsteps in the desert
Fell like cool rain on the sand.
- "Soon, beneath the palm-tree's shadow,
Knelt she at the postern low;
And therewith she knocketh gently,
Fearing much the warder's no;
All her heart stood still and listened,
As the door swung backward slow.
- "There she saw no surly warder
With an eye like bolt and bar;
Through her soul a sense of music
Throbb'd,—and, like a guardian Lar,
On the threshold stood an angel,
Bright and silent as a star.
- "Fairest seemed he of God's seraphs,
And her spirit, litly wise,
Blossomed when he turned upon her
The deep welcome of his eyes,
Sending upward to that sunlight
All its dew for sacrifice.
- "Then she heard a voice come onward
Singing with a rapture new,
As Eve heard the songs in Eden,
Dropping earthward with the dew;
Well she knew the happy singer,
Well the happy song she knew.

"Forward leaped she o'er the threshold,
Eager as a glancing surf;
Fell from her the spirit's languor,
Fell from her the body's scurf;
'Neath the palm next day some Arabs
Found a corpse upon the turf."

Comstock's *Phonetic Reader*. Philadelphia:
E. H. Butler & Co. 1847.
Comstock's *Phonetic Speaker*. Do. Do.
Comstock's *Phonetic Magazine*. Philadelphia:
A. Comstock. 1847.

DR. COMSTOCK, or, as he spells himself *phonetically*, and doubtless prefers to be spelled, Dr. Komstok, proposes simply to alter and remodel the entire orthography of our language; and as a necessary means of carrying out this somewhat comprehensive and radical reform, he announces a *perfect* alphabet.

A perfect alphabet! When it is considered that perfection is predicable of few sublunary works, and that all existing alphabets are allowed to have some imperfections in the way of deficiency, redundancy, or incongruity of some sort, the announcement is not a little startling, and savors of something very like arrogance. But "to us much meditating" (as Brougham saith after Cicero), another interpretation has occurred which renders the assertion less wonderful and more admissible. There is a popular use of the adjective *perfect* as an intensive epithet without involving the exact idea of freedom from imperfection. Thus, where particularly injured or annoyed by the stupidity of some not over-sagacious individual, we innately speak of him as "a perfect fool." Thus, Mr. Headley denominates a number of unfortunate deceased, "a perfect carpet of corpses." And thus, when we have occasion to show up some would-be scholar, poet, or philosopher, his friends are sure to cry out by way of irresistible vindication of him and confutation of ourselves, that he is "a perfect gentleman." We may then call Dr. Komstok's a perfect alphabet, meaning thereby, as we should say in common parlance, that it is "quite an alphabet," or "considerable of an alphabet," or as Punch's "fast man" would express it, "no end of an alphabet." And indeed this last phrase is not inappropriate to the "Phonetic Alphabet," considering its length. It comprises *forty-four* letters, thirty-eight "simple" and six "compounds." Of the simple letters, fifteen are vowels, including all the vowel and nearly all the *diphthongal* sounds of the language, viz. the four sounds of *a*, the ordinary long and short sounds of *e*, *i*, and *u*, the *oo* or continental *u* long (which Dr. K. classes with the sounds of *o*), the short sound of the same as in *full* (which he classes with the sounds of *u*) and the diphthong *ow* or *ou*. The consonants, divided into fourteen "sub-vowels" and nine "aspirates," are the established English consonants, minus *c* and *x*, with additional characters or new appropriations of old characters to represent *sh*, *ch*, *wh*, *ng*, the French *j*, and the sounds of *th*. Each letter has its distinct character, and five of the compound letters, *oi*, *j*, *ch*, *gz*, *x*, have characters compounded of the simple ones, expressing their component sounds. The sixth, *ai* in *fair*, has a character of its own. "All the consonants in the Anglo-American (alias the *Phonetic*) alphabet are sanctioned by English, French, Greek, or Gothic usage." For instance, *c* represents the sound of *sh*, because (we are not answerable for the logic here) *ch* in French has the same sound.

There are some obvious objections to the theoretical construction of this alphabet. Thus we may ask, why is *oi* to be considered a compound letter and *ou* a simple one? The

former is, as Dr. K. properly enough states, composed of the sounds *aw*, *ee*; is not the latter as clearly composed of the sounds *ah*, *oo*? Does not the power of the diphthong *au* in Spanish, Italian, and German, confirm this? Nay more, are not the sounds of *i* and *u* long diphthongal sounds quite as much as *oi*, and do they not exist as diphthongs in the continental languages? And how is *ai* in *fair* to be made out a diphthong? Dr. K. says, it is compounded of a long and a short, and he makes *lair* and *layer* equivalent sounds. Now, with all submission, it strikes us that *layer* is decidedly a *dissyllable* with the sound of the consonant *y* distinctly appreciable in it. As to the supposed distinction between *ai* in *fair* and *a* in *fale*, we have said enough on that point lately. Our more immediate concern, however, is with the practical applicability of the alphabet. Of course, the first obstacle which meets us in *limine* is, that it is no joke to ask a whole people to unlearn their letters and learn them over again. To this Dr. K. replies, that the perfection of his alphabet enables any one to learn it in an hour; and there is a case adduced of a wonderful "phonic girl in Michigan," who did so. Now, we do not profess to be "phonic" ourselves (not clearly understanding what it means, but like the little boy in the story who was called a philosopher, we "hope it's nothing bad"), and that may make some difference, but we have studied the type of the *Phonetic Magazine* much more than an hour (more we confess to decipher some specimens of Cherokee and other curious tongues which we found in it, than with any intention of adopting the Komstokography) and are yet far from being able to read it with fluency. One constant source of confusion is, that familiar characters have new sounds affixed to them. Thus *e* represents long *a*; *c*, *sh*; *z*, the French *j*, and so on. With the *written* alphabet it is still worse; different forms of the same letter (according to the present system) are made to stand for different sounds, and sounds as different in some cases as *e* and *x*; some of the characters very nearly resemble each other; and, indeed, the *Phonetic* written alphabet seems to us nearly as inconvenient as the German—and what that is, any one who has learned, or tried to learn to write German, can testify. Again, there are cases in which the proposed spelling is contrary not merely to habit, but to the very genius and theory of the language. It is one of the most striking peculiarities of English pronunciation that *e final* is mute, and that this mute *e final* when preceded by a single consonant lengthens the vowel preceding that consonant which would otherwise be short. To write the words *mate*, *mile*, as Dr. K. proposes, *met*, *mit*, is not merely foreign, but absolutely repugnant to the idea of every one who has at all examined the principles of his own language.

The next obvious objection is that the new system would throw out all the printed books now in existence, so that, unless reprinted, they would be lost to future generations. To this Dr. K. answers that we must reflect that the English tongue has been racked by periodical changes in spelling, which appear to have been founded not upon phonology, but upon caprice. By these fluctuations in orthography, many words have been repeatedly rendered unintelligible, and consequently useless, until reprinted in a new spelling. (So the remedy for this is to render all works "unintelligible, and consequently useless," until, &c.) and he then proceeds to argue from sundry examples (very ingeniously and plau-

sibly selected, we admit), that the changes which the language has undergone, are chiefly in spelling, those in pronunciation being very slight, so that "the New Alphabet is restoring, not destroying the language." If any one wishes to know how far this will hold water, let him recall to mind the first two couplets of Chaucer; or, without going so far back, recollect how *ocean* was pronounced by Milton, and *Rome* by Shakspeare. But so far is Dr. K. from being moved by any of these things, that he is preparing to adapt his "phonetic alphabet" to the European languages, beginning with the French; and one of the numbers of his magazine contains an "*Avis aux Français*," on the matter, which we sincerely hope may some day meet the eye of the *Charivari*. And certainly his plan derives some encouragement from that most erroneous popular idea which makes education to consist in cramming the mind with facts, not in disciplining it to use the facts it meets with, and therefore seeks to dispense with or abridge as much as possible all preparatory steps. We have an excellent specimen of this in a Mr. O. Wheelock,* who writes thus to the editor of the *Phonetic Magazine*.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have examined the last Number of your monthly Magazine, and I take the liberty to say that I heartily approve of your Phonetic Alphabet—the more so on account of the perplexity I have experienced in spelling, both in learning and teaching; for I have ever considered the spelling of a class of pupils a mere game of hazard, and have often felt the necessity of some such system, long before I ever heard of yours. Of the 85,000 words in our language, only about 60, I think, are spelled strictly according to their sound—nearly 85,000 separate impressions are to be stamped upon the memory before he can spell perfectly the English language! This it takes him [*Qy. whom?*] a lifetime to accomplish [! !] to the neglect of the more useful branches. Were a person required to remember the names of 85,000 plants, the task would be thought too great for the mind to accomplish; still how much greater the task to learn and remember the exact position of all the letters of 85,000 words! [How exactly parallel the two cases are!] Yet should a man make pretension to an education, and spell one word wrong, he would subject himself to ridicule."

Of course the next step after the Perfect Alphabet will be a Perfect Grammar, with no irregular inflections, or exceptions to any of its rules. Such a scheme, indeed, is quite as sensible in theory, and as feasible in practice, as that of the New Alphabet.

It will help us to form an idea of the practicability of establishing a universal alphabet, if we look at another uniformity which, though involving far less difficulty, has never yet been attained—we mean a uniform pronunciation of the ancient languages. In this respect, the literary world has made no progress since the time of Erasmus: the Englishman who speaks Latin is unintelligible to the German; the German who speaks Latin is ridiculous to the Frenchman. Even in our own country it has not been possible to bring about this uniformity—Greek is still pronounced one way in New York and another in Boston. We remember that some years ago there was a congress of professors held here to take into consideration this very matter. Various schemes were proposed. There was much talk about the modern Greek system. Professor Woolsey informed the conclave (whether in real or

ironical recommendation, or whether simply as a piece of information, we will not pretend to say) that this was the pronunciation of the ancient Bæotians; and at length the grave assembly broke up decidedly *re infecta*.

But let us suppose the Phonetic system established as the standard orthography of the English language: is it certain that it would put an end to all the difficulties of the subject, and that it would render mispronunciation impossible—a point on which Dr. K. is particularly sanguine? Here, again, an analogy from experience will afford us some aid. The Spanish alphabet is remarkably simple, having but one silent letter,* and two letters with different sounds; but we have yet to learn that it is a phenomenon to find a Spaniard who spells or pronounces incorrectly, or that the Spanish language is particularly free from dialects and local peculiarities. We may be sure that those sturdy democrats of language who find the ordinary rules of orthography too grievous a burden, would not long submit even to the rules of Dr. K. The mere desire to distinguish between words pronounced alike, such as *fair* and *fare*, which the "Phonetic" system completely confounds (this is an objection, and a very serious one, which seems never to have occurred to the "Phonologists"), would introduce some variation. Again there are words as to the pronunciation of which the best authorities differ (e.g. *either* and *neither*),† and others in which the American usage differs from the English (e.g. all words beginning with *wh*). How can this fail to introduce a diversity?—unless Dr. K. is to be the sole arbiter of pronunciation as well as spelling. Were this new orthography established, it would soon degenerate into general license: one man's "system" would be confusion to his neighbors. Probably every one of our readers can furnish from his own experience some instance of amusing perplexity caused him by a practical "phonographer"—for phonographers were living before Dr. Comstock, though generally in very humble walks of life. The story of Dr. Franklin's chambermaid‡ is well known. We have heard one nearly as good. Some ship-owners during the last war received a letter from their Captain, whose literary abilities were not quite equal to his nautical. After passing through various "Phonetic" spellings, such as *blokked* for *blockade*, they were at length brought to a full stop by the occurrence of the word *wig*, in a place where it could not possibly be made to harmonize with the context. As a last resort an old tar who had more than once sailed under the captain was summoned. Jack glanced at the hieroglyphic, and instantly interpreted thus, "It's all plain enough, Cap'n says as how the *wyge* (voyage) 'll be a good one after all."

Indeed the "Phonetic Reformers" are already disagreeing among themselves. We see in the *Phonetic Magazine* much thunder launched against one Pitman an Englishman, who uses some characters "like those on a tea-chest" (misled perhaps by some fancied etymological connexion between tea-

chest and teacher), and others "like Apothecaries' drams and scruples" (Dr. K. has no scruples about his alphabet). There is also a paper published in this city called the *Anglo-Saxsun*, on yet another different system of "Phonotypy," which publishes a list of 150 teachers of, and lecturers on "the true system of spelling words—that is, just as they are pronounced." We are uncharitable enough to doubt whether all these teachers and lecturers believe in their own *graphy* and *typy*, whatever it may be, and whether some of them are not speculating on the public avidity for new hobbies and delusions. Of Dr. K. himself, we would not willingly suppose anything harsh, especially after the flattering things he has said of our "tight little island," respecting which he states poetically (for the Doctor is a poet no less than a philosopher), that

"Manhattan is an isle,
Where talent is spontaneous;
Where people freely write
Their pieces miscellaneous."

Of him then, and of all sincere believers in "Phonotypy," we cannot take leave better than in the words of Thucydides. "We bless their innocence, but do not envy their simplicity."

The Middle Kingdom; a Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Social Life, Arts, Religion, &c., of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants. By S. Wells Williams. Wiley and Putnam, New York and London.

Is taking up these two fat volumes, with their quaint, yellow, hieroglyphic-covered backs, and turning over their illustrated pages, we feel as King Roderick of Spain must have felt, when he had broken open the mysterious tower of Toledo, and saw shifting in wild confusion over its mouldering tapestry, a vision of another race and other histories, which were to be. But these scenes are of the Past. The seals of three thousand years have been broken. The Celestial Empire, whose history had been as hidden and indistinct as if it belonged to another planet—whose very character was scarce known, except through the apocryphal accounts of Mandeville and Marco Polo, and the partial glimpses which later commerce has afforded—opens at last its reluctant gates to the antiquarian and the historian. The veil has been lifted from the most sacred archives of that all-venerating people. Even the genealogy of the "Brother of the Sun," has been traced back to its luminous source—the great dynasties of Hia, Shang, and Chau, have been unravelled, and, unwinding the complicated clue of records, which, as it is somewhere stated, have been kept day after day for centuries (certainly the most stupendous specimen of a diary in existence), the historian comes at last to the great Pwanka, who worked for eighteen thousand years with his mallet and chisel, to shape out the heavens and earth.

Besides the vast field thus opened to the antiquarian, the philologist, and the man of science, the departments of literature and philosophy will undoubtedly receive many curious and valuable contributions. Precious pearls of wisdom have dropped from the lips of Zoroaster, and who shall say that the disciples of Truth and Religion throughout the world, may not be strengthened and encouraged by the teachings of Confucius? The conservative influence of the Chinese system of government, while it necessarily cramps the development of great intellectual powers, has the effect of preserving and sustaining the venera-

* The Spanish A affords a striking exemplification of the occasional value of those silent letters which our "Phonetic" reformers so contemptuously reject. Though of no use at all in pronunciation, it is of great importance to the philologist as it represents the Latin *f*, *f*acio, *h*acer, *f*ilius, *h*igo, &c.

† "Do you say *either* or *ether*?" some one asked Dr. Johnson. "*Neither*!" replied the Lexicographer.

‡ Franklin is claimed as the parent of "Phonography," and thus spoken of in the *Phonetic Magazine*:

"His facetiousness and reputation set that Phonetic spirit in action which has now reached its perfection in form through the genius of Dr. Andrew Comstock."

*Chapeau bas! Chapeau bas!
Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!*

* So ignorant is this gentleman of the principles of our language, that he is actually at a loss for a rule to determine the sound of *a* in *male*.

tion in which the works of the early poets and philosophers are held, and continuing their influence undiminished from century to century. Thus, although China may not have produced minds which can compare with the great Athenian sages, the good influence exerted by them is undoubtedly far greater than was ever obtained by the fathers of Grecian lore.

Mr. Williams, in his preface, makes some sensible remarks on the universal tendency of modern writers, to take advantage of the grotesque appearance of the Celestials, and turn their character and customs into ridicule. The following passage will serve as an appropriate introduction to our further quotations:—

"Another object aimed at, has been to divest the Chinese people and civilization of that peculiar and almost indefinable impression of ridicule which is so generally given them; as if they were the apes of Europeans, and their social state, arts, and government, the burlesques of the same things in Christendom. It may be excusable for the Chinese to have erroneous and contemptuous notions concerning lands and people of whom they have had little desire and less opportunity to learn what they really are; but such ideas entertained concerning them by those who have made greater attainments in morality, arts, and learning, greatly enfeeble the desire, and tends to excuse the duty, to impart these blessings to them. The names she has given her towns, the physiognomy God has marked upon the features of her people, the dress and fashions those people have chosen to adopt, their mechanical utensils, their religious festivals, their social usages; in short, almost every lineament of China and her inhabitants, has been the object of a laugh or the subject of a pun. Travellers who visit them are expected to give an account of

"Mandarins with yellow buttons, handing you conserves of snails;
Smart young men about Canton in nankeen tights and peacocks' tails.
With many rare and dreadful dainties, kitten cutlets, puppy pies;
Birds' nest soup which (so convenient!) every bush around supplies."

Manners and customs, such as met the eye, and attracted attention by their newness and oddity, first found a place in their journals, and combined to continue the impression generally entertained, that the Chinese were on the whole an uninteresting, grotesque, and uncivilized 'pig-eyed' people, whom one ran no risk in laughing at; an 'umbrella race,' 'long-tailed celestials,' at once conceited, ignorant, and almost unimprovable."

Touching the climate of the Empire, we learn from Mr. Williams that though "the average temperature of the whole empire is lower than that of any other country on the same latitude, the coast is subject to the same extremes as the Atlantic States of America."

CLIMATE OF CHINA.—"The climate of Peking, though subject to extremes, is salubrious; epidemics are rare, and the plague unknown there or anywhere else in China. The water is frozen from December to March; in the spring, violent storms and whirlwinds occur; the winters of the capital are like those of Stockholm or Boston, ranging from 10° to 25° F.; but the summers are those of Naples or Washington, the temperature sometimes rising to 95° and 105°, but more usually from 75° to 90° F. Autumn is the most pleasant part of the year, the air is then mild, the sky serene, and the weather calm. It is probable that the position of Peking, in a wide and poorly sheltered plain at the foot of mountains and high table land, increases both the heat in summer and the cold in winter. This remark is still more applicable to the towns on the gulf of Pechele, and Gutzlaff describes in his journal the paralyzing effects of the cold upon his shipmates at Kaichau, as depriving them of all energy."

After furnishing an outline of the geography, statistics, natural history, and the government and administration of laws, Mr. Williams proceeds to give us a highly interesting account of the mode of education now in use. If the custom, described in the following paragraph, were adopted in our Collegiate institutions, we are of the opinion that the number of graduates would be sensibly diminished.

EXAMINATION OF CHINESE STUDENTS.—

"The candidates for this degree are narrowly examined when they enter the hall, their pockets, shoes, wadded robes, and ink-stones, all being searched, lest precomposed essays or other aids to composition be smuggled in. When they are all seated in the hall in their proper places, the wickets, doors, windows, and other entrances are all guarded by men, and pasted over with strips of paper. The room is filled with anxious competitors arranged in long seats, pencil in hand, and ready to begin. The theme is given out, and every one immediately writes off his essay, carefully noting how many characters he erases in composing it, and hands it up to the board of examiners; the whole day is allotted to the task, and a signal-gun announces the hour when the doors are thrown open, and the students can disperse. The first two trials thin off the crowd amazingly, and the examiners can easily reduce the number of hopeless competitors, so that not one-tenth of those who appear at the first struggle are seen at the third. A man is constantly liable to lose his acquired honor of *siutsai*, if at a subsequent inspection he is found to have discarded his studies, and he is therefore impelled to pursue them in order to escape disgrace, even if he does not reach the next degree."

There is an impressive solemnity in this notice of the death of the great philosopher, which commends his memory to our respect.

LAST DAYS OF CONFUCIUS.—"Confucius returned to his native country at the age of sixty-eight and devoted his time to the completion of his edition of the classics, and in teaching his now large band of both esoteric and exoteric disciples. This work being done, he collected them around him, and made a solemn dedication of his literary labors to heaven, as the concluding act of his life. He assembled all his disciples, and led them out of the town to one of the hills where sacrifices had usually been offered for many years. Here he erected a table or altar, upon which he placed the books; and then turning his face to the north, adored heaven, and returned thanks upon his knees in an humble manner for having had life and strength granted him to enable him to accomplish this laborious undertaking; he implored heaven to grant that the benefit to his countrymen from so arduous a labor might not be small. He had prepared himself for this ceremony by privacy, fasting, and prayer. Chinese pictures represent the sage in the attitude of supplication, and a beam of light or a rainbow descending from the sky upon the books, while his scholars stand around in admiring wonder."

"A few days before his death he tottered about the house sighing out,
"Tai shan, ki tui hu!—Liang muh, ki huai hu!—Chi jin, ki wei hu!"

"The great mountain is broken!
The strong beam is thrown down!
The wise man is decayed!"

He died soon after, B.C. 479, æt. 73, leaving a single descendant, his grandson Tsz'sz', through whom the succession has been transmitted to the present day. During his life the return of the Jews from Babylon, the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and conquest of Egypt by the Persians, took place. Posthumous honors in great variety, amounting to idolatrous worship, have been conferred upon him. His title is the most Holy Ancient Teacher Kung tsz', and the Holy Duke. In the reign of Kanghi, 2150 years after his death, there were eleven thousand males

alive bearing his name, and most of them of the 74th generation, being undoubtedly one of the oldest families in the world. In the Sacrificial Ritual a short account of his life is given, which closes with the following pæan.

"Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!
Before Confucius there never was a Confucius!
Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius!
Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!"

Extracts from New Books.

WAYLAND SMITH.—The singular descendant of Dædalus and Tubal Cain, as he has been called, has recently come up in a curious Dissertation on a Tradition of the Middle Ages, from the French of G. B. Depping and Francisque Michel, with Additions by S. W. Singer, and the amplified Legend by Oehlen-schlager.

All the world knows (says the London Athenæum) the skilful manner in which Sir Walter Scott availed himself of the Berkshire legend of Wayland Smith as part of the machinery in his tale of "Kenilworth;"—but comparatively few are aware that the mystic Smith of that legend is the English representative of a Scandinavian hero, celebrated alike in the Sagas of the North, the hero-songs of our Teutonic brethren, and the Chansons de Geste of France.

In the little work before us, the reader will not only be pleasantly instructed upon all these points, but he will also be shown how the popular belief in a skilful artisan—who was at once goldsmith, armorer, smith, statuary, engraver, founder, and whose skill was accompanied with a little magic and a great deal of malevolence—spread in the middle ages over a great part of Europe, was especially prevalent in the North—and was also to be found among the people of antiquity, especially the Greeks. But upon this connexion let the "Dissertation" speak for itself:—

"*Hepaiotes*, or Vulcan, had been from the remotest times the type of skilful workmen-artists, as we see from the Iliad. He forged metals, he fashioned the most precious works, he constructed arms and armor; he was a deity; mythology relates his cunning tricks. Moreover he was lame, maimed like Weland. But antiquity presents us with a more striking analogy with the North, in the fables which relate to Dædalus, and we do not hesitate to believe that it is the history of this Greek artist, altered and disfigured, adapted to the manners and creeds of the people of the North of Europe, which has given rise to the romance of Weland. At first the word Dædalus was, among the Greeks, like that of Weland among the Scandinavians, a generic name. *Δαίδαλλος* signified to work artistically, as *Voelund* signified a smith in Icelandic. Dædalus was, like Weland, pre-eminently the artist and the workman. This word was a proper name only because they attributed to this mythological being all the perfections of the art. For this reason also we believe that the Icelandic word *Voelund*, a smith, is erroneously regarded as derived from Weland; it is the contrary that should be stated. The word *Voelund* existed before the history of the famous smith Weland had been invented; just as the *δαίδαλλος* existed before the personification Dædalus had been admitted into the mythology of the Greeks. They attributed to Dædalus all the works of ancient art; in Italy and in Greece they boasted of possessing them; they attributed to him the works of artists who were perhaps separated by centuries, and of which the epoch was unknown. The Greeks carry back the history of Dædalus to very high antiquity; they throw this personage back to the thirteenth century before our era, making him contemporary with Theseus and Minos. We will not here enter into the entire history of this mythologic being; we will not speak of the Dædalian festivals which, according to Pausanias, were celebrated every seven years in Bœotia. We shall

only recite those traits which bear immediately on our subject, and which have been preserved to us by Diodorus Siculus and Pausanias. Dædalus, guilty of the murder of Talus his sister's son, who promised to be his rival in skill, and condemned to death for the crime, flies from Greece, and takes refuge in the Isle of Crete, where he enters into the service of Minos, as Weland does into that of King Nidung. Minos has a daughter like the Scandinavian king. The Greek artist, like the Scandinavian, incurs the vengeance of the king he serves. Dædalus, by favoring the extraordinary amatory propensity of Pasiphae, for whom he constructed an artificial bull, and afterwards the labyrinth to serve for a dwelling for the Minotaur, the fruit of her monstrous amour. Weland, as we have seen, by violating the princess and having a son by her. Dædalus and Weland employ the same means to escape the vengeance of the king their master, whom they had offended. They make themselves wings and raise themselves in the air to fly away. Icarus accompanies his father Dædalus; but he guides himself ill, and falls into the sea. Egli, the brother of Weland, not being able to manage the wings, likewise falls. Both the mechanicians traverse the seas. Dædalus descends in Sicily, Weland in Jutland. The Greek origin of the romance of Weland cannot, therefore, be mistaken. * * * That which establishes one more analogy between Greece and Scandinavia is, that in the same way that Scandinavia admitted of other skilful artists such as Mimer, the Greeks had also local traditions about artists who had excelled almost equally with Dædalus; such were Smiles in the Island of Ægina, the Telchines in the Isle of Rhodes, who were accounted to have perfected the casting of metals, and who were regarded as magicians. Probably if we possessed the traditions relating to them we should also find some features analogous to the romances of Weland and Dædalus. Otherwise, that which constitutes a characteristic difference between the Greek and Scandinavian traditions on the subject of the superlative artist, is, that the Greeks attributed to theirs particularly plastic works, and, above all, images of the gods, while the Scandinavians attributed to their workmen principally weapons of a superior temper. It is that the Greeks were a religious people, and alive to the beauty of mythologic representations. The Scandinavians, on the contrary, valued nothing but good swords, with which they conquered that which the rude climate of the north denied to them. They were not in haste to make gods, and they would not perhaps have much rewarded the artist who had produced representations of Odin and Freya; but they regarded as a great man him who fabricated weapons of superior quality; and were tempted to attribute to the artisan who furnished a sword without defect a supernatural origin."

The Athenæum adds the following comments, which will interest some of our readers:—

Mr. Singer might have added to this chapter, that James Grimm, when treating of Weland, Wade, &c., observes, "that at the head of this race we find King Vilkinus; named, as the Latin termination shows, after Vulcanus, a god or demi-god, who bore other German names, and by the Mermaid became the father of the gigantic Wade." Wade's story is alluded to by Chaucer;—but has never yet been told in English. Let us remark, in passing, that Grimm supposes him to have been called Wade (in the Norsk *Vadi*, Anglo-Saxon *Vada*, and old High German *Wato*), because his father, like another St. Christopher, waded with him on his shoulders over the Greenasand, which is nine fathom deep. We hope Mr. Singer will add M. Michel's essay on Wade to the next edition of the present "Dissertation." He may then supply some small omissions; such as the Danish legend, which we remember to have read in Thiele, of a mysterious and invisible smith dwelling in a mountain in Denmark,—near

whose habitation it was only necessary to leave the metal to be wrought, and the price of the workmanship, and after the lapse of a short time the iron would be found fashioned into the desired object; and the Saxon charter, referred to by Walter Scott in one of his notes to "Kenilworth," in which the Berkshire monument is mentioned as a land-mark. Sir Walter does not tell us the name by which it is designated in such charter—which is the more to be regretted, as it might probably throw some light on the manner in which this widespread tradition reached our shores.

But to return to the book before us. To lovers of Folk-Lore it will be especially welcome, as furnishing a pleasant chapter to the History of Popular Fiction in the preliminary "Dissertation;" while Oehlenschläger's amplified legend of "Wayland Smith," pleasantly translated from his German version by Mrs. Kinnear, will give the English reader a very favorable idea of the manner in which the Danish poet has preserved the wild spirits of his native land in his refashionment of this, one of its time-honored Sagas.

LANGUAGE.—A chain to unite men and keep mankind disunited.—A large issue of notes which has often a small basis of gold.

THEATRE.—A homœopathic hospital where small doses of society are given to cure society.—The chamber wherein bachelors receive curtain-lectures.

MIRROR.—A journal in which Time records his travels.

CHILD.—The ever-renewed hope of the world. God's problem, waiting man's solution.

MISER.—An amateur pauper. A lover who is contented with a look.

IGNORANCE.—A serpent which many foster because they suppose it to be harmless. A dark place where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves or somebody else.

BACHELOR.—A mule who shirks his regular load.

SHOP.—Private interest disguised as public utility. A prison for himself, built by a man of the materials he deals in.

CHINA.—A hermit among nations. A living toad embedded in stone.

PAPER.—A receiver of stolen goods.

POLITICS.—A national humming-top, which spins the least when it hums the most.

PRISON.—The grave where State Doctors bury their murdered patients.

NAPOLEON.—A naughty boy who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.

CIVILIZATION.—Mankind's struggle upwards, in which millions are trampled to death that thousands may mount on their bodies.

METAPHYSICS.—Words to stay the appetite till facts are ready.

DEATH.—A notice served on society for your trial.

TAXES.—Feathers plucked from all birds to line the nests of a few.

MONK.—A coward who wont fight.

AMERICA.—Young John Bull working with his coat off.

SLEEP.—The only thief who benefits you by robbing you.

FIRE.—The only hard-working servant who is cheerfully admitted as a friend in the drawing-room.

WAR.—Murder to music.

BALL-ROOM.—The camp of modern amazeons.

TYRANNY.—Knocking people on to their knees for the crime of standing upright.

TOBACCO.—A triple *memento mori*—dust for the nose, ashes for the mouth, and poison for the stomach.

CHARITY.—One whom we delight to follow, but dread to face.

LIFE.—A compulsory journey over a precarious road, on which the more luggage you have the more lightly you travel.

MARRIAGE.—Love brought to trial. Going home by daylight after courtship's masquerade.

IRON.—The bones of the giant Civilization.

PAWNBROKER.—The poor man's banker.—A man who holds your coat whilst you fight.

SLAVE.—A human epitaph of human feelings.

FAME.—A glass castle erected by public opinion for the better observation of its inmates.

CITY.—A human hive without its honey-comb.

COAT.—A check drawn on society by your tailor.

PAUPER.—An animal so like a man as to make us feel uneasy.

PALACE.—A guillotine which cuts off the head of a nation from its body.

IRELAND.—The Actæon of nations, torn to pieces by its own dogs.

SAVAGE.—An individual who goes to war with his enemies, like a heathen, and takes their scalps,—instead of going to law with them, like a Christian, and taking their goods.

SOLDIER.—A live target, set up by one nation for another to shoot at.

BEE.—A self-taught botanist, whose works command a ready sale.—*The Council of Four: a Game at "Definitions."*

MR. GLEIG, the author of "The Subaltern," &c., has just put forth in London a new work entitled "The Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, in the years 1814-15." We give a few extracts describing war scenes near home.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FEAST AND THE END OF THE FRAY.

I need scarcely observe, that the consternation of the inhabitants was complete, and to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been of the success of their troops, that few of them had dreamt of quitting their houses or abandoning the city; nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to rush in, filling every place as they came with dismay, that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not I cannot say, but according to my informant, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the Senate than in the field; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetite of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house entered his dining-parlor, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine in handsome cut-glass decanters were cooling on the sideboard; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons were arranged for immediate use; everything, in short, was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits loaded with joints of various sorts turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were in the exact state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned. The reader will easily believe that these preparations were beheld, by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though

considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

A FIELD OF BATTLE.

Whilst others were thus reposing, I stole away with two or three men for the purpose of performing the last sad act of affection which it was possible for me to perform to my friend Grey. As we had completely changed our ground, it was not possible for me at once to discover the spot where he lay; indeed, I traversed a large portion of the field before I hit upon it. Whilst thus wandering over the arena of last night's contest, the most shocking and most disgusting spectacles everywhere met my eyes. I have frequently beheld a greater number of dead bodies within as narrow a compass, though these, to speak the truth, were numerous enough, but wounds more disfiguring or more horrible I certainly never witnessed. A man shot through the head or heart lies as if he were in a deep slumber; inasmuch that when you gaze upon him you experience little else than pity. But of these many had met their deaths from bayonet wounds, sabre cuts, or heavy blows from the butt ends of muskets; and the consequence was, that not only were the wounds themselves exceedingly frightful, but the very countenances of the dead exhibited the most savage and ghastly expression. Friends and foes lay together in small groups of four or six, nor was it difficult to tell almost the very hand by which some of them had fallen. Nay, such had been the deadly closeness of the strife, that in one or two places an English and American soldier might be seen with the bayonet of each fastened in the other's body.

A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

Retiring from the performance of this melancholy duty, I strolled into the hospital and visited the wounded. It is here that war loses its grandeur and show, and presents only a real picture of its effects. Every room in the house was crowded with wretches mangled, and apparently in the most excruciating agonies. Prayers, groans, and, I grieve to add, the most horrid exclamations, smote upon the ear wherever I turned. Some lay at length upon straw, with eyes half closed, and limbs motionless; some endeavored to start up, shrieking with pain, while the wandering eye and incoherent speech of others indicated the loss of reason, and usually foretold the approach of death. But there was one among the rest whose appearance was too horrible ever to be forgotten. He had been shot through the windpipe, and the breath making its way between the skin and the flesh, had dilated him to a size absolutely terrific. His head and face were particularly shocking. Every feature was enlarged beyond what can well be imagined; whilst his eyes were so completely hidden by the cheeks and forehead, as to destroy all resemblance to a human countenance. Passing through the apartments where the private soldiers lay, I next came to those occupied by officers. Of these there were five or six in one small room, to whom little better accommodation could be provided than to their inferiors. It was a sight peculiarly distressing, because all of them chanced to be personal acquaintances of my own. One had been shot in the head, and lay gasping and insensible; another had received a musket-ball in the belly, which had pierced through and lodged in the back-bone. The former appeared to suffer but little, giving no signs of life, except what a heavy breathing produced; the latter was in the most dreadful agony, scream-

ing out, and gnawing the covering under which he lay. There were many besides these, some severely and others slightly hurt; but as I have already dwelt at sufficient length upon a painful subject, I shall only observe, that to all was afforded every assistance that circumstances would allow, and that the exertions of their medical attendants were such as deserved and obtained the grateful thanks of even the most afflicted among the sufferers themselves.

Poetry.

[Is the following stirring lyric, some of our readers may recognise the same fresh and fervid pen that traced the thoughtful lines on "Finding the Key of a Piano," which appeared in our last number without a signature.]

A FUNERAL CHANT FOR THE OLD YEAR.

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
And it calleth from its shroud
With a hollow voice and loud,
But serene:
And it saith—"What have I given
That hath brought thee nearer heaven?
Dost thou weep, as one forsaken,
For the treasures I have taken?
Standest thou beside my hearse
With a blessing or a curse?
Is it well with thee, or worse
That I have been?"

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The midnight shades that fall,—
They will serve it for a pall,
In their gloom:—
And the misty vapors crowding
Are the withered corse enshrouding;
And the black clouds looming off in
The far sky, have plumed the coffin;
But the vaults of human souls,
Where the memory unrolls
All her tear-besprinkled scrolls,
Are its tomb!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The moon hath gone to weep
With a mourning still and deep
For her loss:—
The stars dare not assemble
Through the murky night to tremble—
The naked trees are groaning
With an awful, mystic moaning—
Wings sweep upon the air,
Which a solemn message bear,
And hosts, whose banners wear
A crowned cross!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
Who make the funeral train
When the queen hath ceased to reign?
Who are here
With the golden crowns that follow
All invested with a halo?
With a splendor transitory
Shines the midnight from their glory,
And the pæan of their song
Rolls the aisles of space along,
But the left hearts are less strong,
For they were dear!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
With a dull and heavy tread
Tramping forward with the dead
Who come last?
Ling'ring with their faces ground-ward
Though their feet are marching onward
They are shrieking,—they are calling
On the rocks in tones appalling,
But Earth waves them from her view,—
And the God-light dazzles through,
And they shiver, as spars do,
Before the blast!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
We are parted from our place
In her motherly embrace,
And are lone!
For the infant and the stranger
It is sorrowful to change her—

She hath cheered the night of mourning
With a promise of the dawning;
She hath shared in our delight
With a gladness true and bright:
Oh! we need her joy to-night—
But she is gone!

E. J. B.

December 31st, 1847.

MARTIN F. TUPPER; TO AMERICA.

(See *Literary World*, Dec. 18.*)

III.

LET aged Britain claim the classic Past,
A shining track of bright and mighty deeds,
For Thee I prophesy the Future vast,
Whereof the Present sows its giant seeds:
Corruption and decay come thick and fast
O'er poor old England; yet a few dark years
And we must die, as nations died of yore!
But, in the millions of thy teeming shore,
Thy patriots, sages, warriors, saints, and seers,
We live again, Columbia! yea, once more
Unto a thousand generations live,
The mother in the child; to all the West
Through Thee shall We earth's choicest bless-
ings give,
Ev'n as our Orient world in Us is blest.

IV.

Yea! noble scion of an ancient root,
Born of the forest-king! spread forth, spread
forth,—
High to the stars thy tender leaflets shoot,
Deep dig thy fibres round the ribs of earth!
From sea to sea, from south to icy north
It must ere long be thine, through good or ill,
To stretch thy sinewy boughs: go,—wondrous
child!
The glories of thy destiny fulfil;
Remember then thy mother in her age,
Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild;
Stand thou with us, when all the nations rage
So furiously together: we are one:
And, through all time, the calm historical
page
Shall tell of Britain blest in thee her son!

* We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. George P. Putnam for the MS. of these original sonnets by his gifted friend and correspondent, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy."—E.D. LITERARY WORLD.

SCHILLER'S OPINION OF GOETHE.

"It would make me miserable to be often with Goethe; his feelings never overflow, even for his dearest friend; nothing can bind him, I certainly think he is a first-rate egotist; he possesses the talent of binding men, and of putting them under obligations by little attentions as well as by great ones, but he never commits himself. He makes his existence known by his benevolence, but he does it as if he were a god, he never gives himself. This appears to me to be a studied and systematic mode of action, calculated to foster the most refined enjoyment of self-love. He is one of those persons who ought to be kept at a distance. He is positively hateful to me on this account, although I greatly admire his mind, and think most highly of him. He has awakened within me a peculiar combination of hatred and love, a sentiment not unlike that which Brutus and Cassius must have felt for Cæsar. I would destroy this selfish spirit if I could, and then I should love him with all my heart. Goethe has much influence in inducing me to desire the completion of my poem 'Die Künstler;' his judgment has immense weight with me. He decided favorably on 'The Gods of Greece,' but considered it too long, and in this he was probably right. His mind is mature, and his judgment, so far as I am concerned, is partial, rather against me than for me. Now, since it is especially important to me to hear the truth respecting myself, he is the very man, among all I know, who can render me this service. I think I must encompass him with spies, for I can never question him about myself."—*Correspondence of Körner.*

The Fine Arts.

THE December number of the London Art-Union Journal is before us, and maintains the high character of the magazine. We extract from it the following remarks, on the Fine Arts in this country, feeling that the views and opinions there expressed, in regard to the progress of art among us, are sound and philosophical, and will meet with the approval of the thinkers on the subject here. The advance of art towards perfection is by slow and gradual steps, and though, with us, it may make many deviations from the direct path, yet we are satisfied that its progress is onward. The indications of the last year show this, and encourage us more and more in the faith that America will one day give to the world a school of art worthy to take its place by the side of those of the Old World.

We notice that the Journal commences its new volume with many great and manifest improvements, and will, we think, attain a higher character than it has even yet achieved, becoming more extensively useful as well as more generally interesting.

THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.—Our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic are beginning to take a deep interest in the Art-world of their country, and are desirous that America should become as renowned for the universal cultivation of those sciences which humanize and refine life, as she is for the free exercise of the rights of man, and the unrestrained growth of popular liberty. This is in every respect laudable, and must greatly tend to exercise a beneficial influence on a people who, descended from a proud and bold race of progenitors, partake of the characteristics of their forefathers; but, being still young, have yet much to learn. Cicero, in speaking of the liberal arts, says:—"They nourish us in our youth, and invigorate old age; they embellish the most fortunate situation, and console us under disaster and persecution; they accompany us night and day in our journeys, and in our retreat from the world; and, even when our minds are not disposed to profit by their instruction, we ought still to hold them in just admiration, finding that, to those who possess them, they afford the most exquisite gratification." Now, if books are great moral teachers, so also are pictures; and it would be a question very difficult to determine which have taught the most instructive lessons: for, whereas the former only point out the road wherein to walk, the latter place before us, truthfully and comprehensively, the whole incidents of the journey, and the varied scenery through which our path lies; the ruggedness of the road, as well as its green pastures; the storms to be encountered, as well as the sunshine to be enjoyed. To these ends, and to these only, should the practice of art be directed: he who devotes his talent and his energies to such a purpose, confers on his race a boon whose value cannot be over-estimated.

A writer in an American paper, in a notice of the opening of the new rooms at New York, with the exhibition of works selected by the Art-Union Society in the United States, says:—"With judicious and impartial management, this Society can be made to foster an American school of painters which shall cope with those of Europe. It is a reproach to our country that such of our artists as have attained distinction, both in painting and statuary, have done so under foreign patronage. We have, as yet, no great gallery of the Fine Arts: we want a discriminating, severe, and just criticism." Now, it may be as true that there is in America an absence of all enthusiasm for Art, as it undoubtedly is, she is not well-read in Art; but for both these deficiencies there is ample cause, and certainly, at present, no just ground of complaint; for much is to be achieved by her artists, and much to be learned by her people, ere the one can be schooled into a love and judicious discrimination of

what is excellent, and the others into a modest consciousness of what they lack; when her painters and her sculptors are in a condition to lead, her Art-patrons will not be found wanting. Everything which has risen to distinction, from small or difficult beginnings, has been by progressive steps; it is thus with kingdoms and states, and with the arts and sciences; and though sometimes a mighty spirit may arise, which spreads itself for a time through the whole surrounding body, and leads the multitude captive at its will, the power so raised is seldom enduring, and with the spirit itself, the enthusiasm it created vanishes also. The success of Art is frequently dependent on the spirit of the times, which may engender a love for the elevated and the beautiful, or may speedily quench what is already possessed. "Without a great and universal enthusiasm, there is but a sectarian, and no public, opinion—no fixed taste, no great idea of a whole people; but the voices of single and arbitrarily-established judges pronounce upon merit; and Art, which in its elevation is self-sufficing, fawns for favor, and becomes a servant when it should be dictator."

For the reasons herein cited, we think the writer on American Art has no valid reason for complaint; he seems to forget that his country has but recently emerged from a state of semi-barbarism; and, consequently, is little more than a tyro in matters connected with the Fine Arts. Her history has scarcely outlived the memory of her oldest inhabitant; her spirit yet moves restless and unbounded over the surface of her broad rivers, and the interminable depths of her forests; her laws, her customs, her institutions, are all young; everything she at present possesses is opposed to the feeling and practice of High Art, which to her is wholly untrodden ground, undistinguishable by the feet of those who have gone before. But could she look back through the dim light of past centuries, as do the nations of Europe, and read her history—religious, civil, and military—recognisable by a thousand heroic and virtuous deeds performed by her ancestors; had she the poets to inspire,

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,"

to meditate upon and portray, the artists of America would have full scope for their imagination, and fields on which that imagination would find "ample room and verge enough" to delight itself in. There is no instance of a nation excelling in Art, till it has become great in those matters connected with its internal and external government; nay, it has frequently happened that, when all else has decayed and been uprooted, poets, painters, and sculptors have flourished in all their glory: for, once called into existence, they will outlive the wreck of surrounding ruin, pursuing their occupations in silence and obscurity, amid the revolutions of empires and the downfall of states.

The foundation of a great national school of Art is not the work of a generation: in its progress, each gradation follows the other, till it reaches the highest point of perfection; it must also have definite rules and proper guides to assist in its first development, and to watch it to maturity. Thus, America must wait patiently, and her artists must study diligently, before such a consummation shall be arrived at. She may make haste to become rich, but she cannot hasten to become great; wealth will not purchase genius, nor will genius achieve excellence, except by a laborious pursuit of it, through the conceptions of other minds, and the work of other hands (this, too, without falling into the error of servile imitation): an array of disciplined artists cannot at once be summoned into birth like the armed goddess from the brain of Jupiter. Athens gathered into her school all the noblest productions of antiquity, that her sons might make themselves acquainted with their beauties, and be the better able to appreciate the merits of the works her own artists put forth. This is, undoubtedly, the first step towards creating a universal taste for, and love of Art, inasmuch as the multitude, having such objects constantly before them, become in-

sensibly, as it were, imbued with their spirit, alive to their beauty, and are taught the lessons thus silently conveyed. We should, therefore, rejoice to know that America had gathered to herself a gallery of pictures and sculptures such as are possessed by most European nations; but this is not easily accomplished, because each is unwilling to part with her treasures, conscious of their immense value for every purpose calculated to raise the moral power of a people. That a collection might be formed, which, in the low state of Art in that country, might be practically available for study and reference, there is no doubt.

None will deny that America has given birth to, if not reared, artists who would do credit to any country; West, Alston, Newton, Stuart, are names not unknown in modern Art; and, if these owed their position to "foreign patronage," it was because that patronage was, in great part, refused them in their native land. It may be a "reproach" to America, but it ought not to excite wonder that a merchant should take his commodities to the best market; artists, like other men, live by the labor of their hands, and, if they can acquire neither gain nor glory at home, both must be sought elsewhere.

Few sculptors of the present day, in Europe, surpass Hiram Powers; his "Greek Captive" and his "Eve" are works of great beauty; and yet they have found their way into the collections of "foreigners." How is this? Simply because there is still lacking in the Government and the people of America, the just appreciation of merit, and the enthusiasm which reveres the noblest examples of Art; the former shows its patronage in New York by "ordering a kit-cat of every mayor, and a full-length of every governor of the State, to decorate the City-hall." The remedy for this evil will come, only, as we before stated, when her painters and sculptors shall, *as a body*, arrive at such excellence as to impart to the minds of the multitude a kindred feeling with their own, and a right perception of artistic greatness. Isolated cases, however eminent, will fail to ensure this.

EMERSON'S LECTURES IN ENGLAND.

OUR readers will not be indisposed to follow up Mr. Emerson abroad. His first reception by the English public has already been noticed at length in our columns. The "London Critic," to which we are indebted for the following report of Emerson's third lecture, says:—

"He was loudly applauded on entering the lecture theatre by a very large and respectable audience—probably a thousand people of both sexes. In introducing his subject, the lecturer said he called these discourses 'Lectures on representative men,' meaning to describe in each, one large and inevitable class. Every fact in the universe is related on the one side to sense, and on the other to moral being. The whole game of thought is, on the appearance of one of these two sides to find the other. These sides are called, in the language of the philosopher, infinite and finite, relative and absolute, apparent and real. Each man is born with a predisposition to one or other of these sides of nature. One class has the perception of difference; is conversant with facts, cities, and persons; with particular works, &c. They are men of talent and action. Another class abide by the perception of identity, and are men of faith and philosophy—of genius. Each class doubts or despises the other. The abstractionist and materialist thus mutually exasperate each other; and the scoffer, expressing the worst of materialism—there arises a third party, who occupies the middle ground between these two—the sceptic, who holds both wrong, as being in extremes; while he deems that human strength is not in extremes, but in avoiding them. He neither affirms nor denies, but stands balanced, to try the cause; he was their *skepticon*, to consider. Who shall forbid a wise scepticism, seeing that there is no practical question on which anything more

than a proximate solution is to be had? This, then, is the right ground of the sceptic—of considering, of self-containing—not at all of unbelief, universal denying or universal doubting; least of all, of scoffing and profligate jeering at all that is stable and good. The wise sceptic wishes to see and judge all things, but mainly man; and the ticket necessary for his admission to this spectacle is, that he have a certain solid and intelligible way of living of his own; for the secrets of life are not shown except by sympathy and likeness—men confide only in their peers. These qualities meet in a singular manner in the character of Michael de Montaigne. [After describing his own first acquaintance with the works of this writer, and giving the opinions of others respecting them, he briefly sketched the chief incidents in the life of Montaigne, and the prominent features of his character.] Montaigne has anticipated all flings and hits at French freedom; his book is a string of confessions. It is only to be pleaded for his free style that, in his time, books were written to one sex only, and almost all in Latin. He pretends to most of the vices, and if there were any virtue in him, he says it got in by stealth; yet the opinion of his invincible probity grows in every reader's mind. His essays are an entertaining soliloquy; Montaigne talking with himself on every random topic—allowing nothing to pass for settled—trying everything without ceremony, yet with the most masculine sense. There have been men with deeper insight, but never a man with such abundance of thoughts. He is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all he cares for. Montaigne talks with shrewdness and knowledge of the world, of books and of himself; he uses the positive degree—never shrieks or protests; has no weakness, no convulsions, no superlatives. Has Montaigne succeeded in expressing the hitherto inexpressible, in giving voice to the best and inmost of man? He was not a sceptic in that bad sense in which the world has loosely used the term. We are all naturally believers; truth, or the connexion of cause and effect, alone interests us. We reject a sour, lumpyish unbelief; but the class which Montaigne represents are not without their reason and value, and every man, at some time, belongs to that class; every superior mind will pass through this domain of equilibration, of inquiry and consideration, on his way to the heights of truth. The cause of things is not a fact, but a power; and the religion or philosophy by which we attempt to describe it is some fixed word or form, and is therefore inadequate to describe it. Our life in this world is not quite of so easy interpretation as preachers and school-books are accustomed to describe it. Shall we, then, because a good nature inclines us to virtue's side, smoothly say there are no doubts, and lie for the right? We ask whether life is to be held in a brave or cowardly manner, and whether the satisfaction of our doubts be not essential to all manliness; whether the name of virtue is to be a barrier to that which is virtue? In such scepticism there is no malignity; it is honest, and does not hinder the man's being convinced, and, once convinced, he is worthy the pains, and will be a giant in defence of his faith. The true and final answer, in which all scepticism is lost, is the moral sentiment, that never forfeits its supremacy. The faith of the generous mind avails to the whole emergency of life; he can behold with serenity the yawning gulf between the ambition of man and his power of performance—between the demand and supply of power which makes the tragedy of souls. The lesson of life is practically to generalize; to hold all particulars lightly in view of the whole; to believe what the years and centuries say against the hours; to penetrate to the catholic sense, which is really expressed (though occultly) by every particular. While all these things seem to tend downwards, to justify despondency, to promote rogues, to defeat the just, still by knaves as by martyrs the just cause is carried forward. Al-

though history teaches us that knaves win in every political struggle; although society seems delivered over from the hands of one set of criminals into the hands of another set, as fast as governments are changed, and the march of civilization is an endless train of felonies—yet general ends are somehow answered. Heaven seems to effect great results by low and small means. The needles are nothing; the magnetism is all. Through toys and atoms a great beneficent tendency irresistibly streams. Let man learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting; let him learn to bear the disappearance of things he was wont to reverence without losing his reverence; let him learn that he is here in the world a pupil, not to work, but to be worked upon; and though abyss open under abyss, and opinion displaces opinion, all are at last contained in the Eternal Cause. If my bark sink, it is to another sea.

"Mr. Emerson's lecture on Napoleon, the man of action, was delivered on Tuesday last, at the Manchester Athenæum, to a crowded auditory. The man (said Mr. Emerson) who more than any other expresses the average character and aims of the nineteenth century is Napoleon Bonaparte—the best known and most powerful individual who has lived within the period. If Napoleon is France, is Europe, it is because the people he sways are men of the same kind—are little Napoleons. He is an incarnate democrat; the representative of the democratic, active, middle class of men, having its virtues and vices, and, above all, its spirit and aim. That tendency is material, aiming at a material or sensual success, and employing the richest and most varied means to that end; conversant with vast mechanical powers, highly intellectual, widely and accurately learned, and skilful by sternly subordinating all intellectual and spiritual force as means to a material success. To be the rich man is the end. Napoleon is no saint, and he is no hero, in the high sense. He becomes not merely the representative, but actually a monopoliser and usurper of other minds. He renounced all sentiments and affections, and would help himself with his hands and head; working in brass, iron, buildings, money, and troops, and being a wise master-workman. He superadded to these natural and animal forces, insight and generalization. He does not guess, but feel and foresee his way. The art of war was the perpetual game he studied, and in which he exerted his wonderful arithmetic. The times, his own constitution, and the circumstances of his youth and education, combined to develop this democrat to the highest degree. Such a man was wanted, and was born. He had a directness of action never before combined with so much comprehensiveness. He is ever a realist, terrific to all talkers and truth-obscurers. He never blundered into victory; his principal means were in himself. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line; but Napoleon always knew his business, and what to do next. Had his ends been public, and not egotistic, he had been the first man in the world. He is firm, sure, self-disdaining, self-postponing, sacrificing everything—money, troops, generals, even his own safety—to his aim. His victories were only so many doors, or new weapons, and he never lost sight of his way onward. He fought sixty battles, and never had enough. His prodigious vigor was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. His achievement of business was immense, and enlarged the known powers of man. There have been many working kings—Alfred, Justinian, Czar Peter—but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance. He was not to be imposed upon. He had a strength by nature, and a strength by circumstances; still his grand weapon—the millions he directed—he owed to his representative character. He discerned merit, and promoted it; seventeen men in his time were raised from common soldiers to be kings, marshals, dukes, or generals. We cannot, in the

universal imbecility, indecision, and indolence of men, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on this strong and ready actor, who took occasion by the beard, and showed how much might be accomplished by the mere force of such virtues as all men possess in less degree, by punctuality, personal attention, courage, and thoroughness. Before ambition drove him mad, he might almost be cited as a model of prudence. The lesson he teaches is that which vigor ever teaches, that there is always room for it. To what heaps of cowardly doubts is not his life an answer! Mr. Emerson next noticed Napoleon's capacity for speculation on general topics, quite removed from his ordinary themes of war and government. He was highly intellectual, and delighted in discussions on practical, literary, and abstract questions. The most grateful parts of the picture of his life are those hours of thought and wisdom. But with the virtues, he had also the vices of the democratic class he represented. He was singularly destitute of generous sentiments; he had not the merit of common truth and honesty; he was unjust to all his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of others' great actions; he was a boundless liar; in his premature old age, he coolly falsified the facts, dates, and characters of history, studying to impose upon men a theatrical *celat*. His doctrine of immortality is simply fame; with him, the two levers for moving men were interest and fear; love was a silly infatuation, friendship but a name. He would steal and slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated; he had no generosity to an enemy, but mere vulgar hatred; he was intensely selfish and perfidious; cheated at cards, was a prodigious gossip, opened letters, delighted in his infamous police, interfering in the patterns and dresses of women, and listening incognito after the hurrahs and compliments of the street. He treated women without respect, and with coarse familiarity and even insult. In short, when we penetrate to this man's centre, we find we are not dealing with a gentleman, but with an impostor and a rogue; a fellow deserving the epithet of Jupiter Scapin—a sort of scamp Jupiter. Bonaparte may be said to represent the whole history of both the democratic and the conservative party, its youth and age, and with poetic justice, its fate in his own. The counter revolution, the counter party, still waits for its organ and representative, in a lover and a man of truly public and universal aims. This instructive history has its practical moral. Napoleon was an experiment, under the most favorable conditions, of intellect, unsupported (if you will, untrammelled) by conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power; of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, this demoralized Europe? It came to no result. All passed away like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He left France smaller, poorer, and feebler than he found it, and the whole contest for freedom was to be begun again. The attempt itself was, in principle, suicidal. France served him with life, limb, and estate, so long as it could identify its might with him; but when men saw that after victory was another war—after the destruction of armies, new conscriptions—and that they who had toiled so desperately were no nearer to the reward, they deserted him. They soon found that his absorbing egotism was deadly to all other men; and the universal cry of France and Europe, in 1814, was 'Enough of Bonaparte.' It was not his fault; he did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle; it was the nature of things—the eternal laws of man and of the world—which balked and ruined him. And the result of a million experiments will be the same. Every experiment by multitudes or by individuals, that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fail. The pacific Fourier will be as insufficient as the pernicious

Napoleon. As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions; our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth. Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men. (Loud and continued applause.)"

Essay.

REMARKS ON THE FINE ARTS.

Addressed to the President and Regents of
THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

Honos alit Artes.—Hor.

No. IV.

It will be found that the doctrine we have been endeavoring to establish—namely, that private patronage and enterprise can do nothing permanently effective towards improving and encouraging the Fine Arts—applies equally to other branches, besides those to which our remarks have hitherto been confined. We shall therefore now proceed to take a view of the effects which this system has had upon the department of the Drama in England and this country—but shall draw our chief illustrations from the history and present condition of the British Stage. The declining state of the Theatre in England—the passion for extravaganzas, melo-dramas, scenery, and show, which marks the present corruption and decline of public taste in that country—may be referred to as tending still further to illustrate the doctrine we have been maintaining—since we find that even the most popular of the Fine Arts (as the Drama certainly is) has received no effectual impulse or improvement from the efforts of private enterprise, or the boasted munificence of popular patronage, those two wonder-working agents, by whom, as we are told, everything deserving of encouragement is sooner or later brought forward, and nurtured to maturity and perfection. A writer in the Monthly Magazine (the number we are unable to refer to), after pathetically lamenting the present depressed and declining state of the British Drama—proposes, as a means of restoring it to its pristine dignity and honor, the formation of a *Joint Stock Company* (such are stock-exchange ideas of John Bull), with funds sufficient to build a theatre and place it on a permanent and respectable footing. A correspondent of the Albion, a journal published in New York, in advertent to the causes, which, in his view of the matter, have conspired to depress the Drama in England and this country; also suggests various plans for its resuscitation and improvement, which are quite as wide of the mark, and no less absurd than those of the writer to whom we have just referred; and we only quote the following passage, as affording additional proof of the ignorant and mistaken

* Though theatricals in New York are now on somewhat better footing than they were at the time the ensuing paragraphs appeared—the comments of the Papers of the day, on a system which is virtually still acted upon—serve to illustrate the subject on hand, and are otherwise calculated to afford amusement to the reader.

"THE DOWNFALL OF THE THEATRES.—The Park Theatre is at length closed. This was an event which we have for some months past anticipated. The National Opera House is closed. This was an event which we did not anticipate, but which has not excited the least surprise. The Bowery Theatre is closed—or rather it was closed at the end of the last season. It was converted into a Circus, and remained such for a few weeks under the direction of Mr. Hamblin. That sagacious manager has leased it to the proprietor of the horses—and it is henceforth to be given up entirely to the 'sports of the ring.' This was foretold, and it has come to pass."—*The New World*, January 4th, 1841, Edited by Park Benjamin, Esq.

"CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE TO BE SOLD.—We understand that the vote of the Stockholders on Monday last, was almost unanimously in favor of a sale. Great credit is due to the gentlemen who have been mainly instrumental in bringing about so desirable an object. For some time past the theatre has not only been unproductive, but in some measure discreditable to the proprietors, having been an unseemly barrier to that spirit of improvement which will now pervade the entire neighborhood."—*The Inquirer and National Gazette*, March 3, 1847.

ideas that prevail on the subject. "A short time since we said a few words on the present depressed state of the Drama, and intimated our intention of following up the subject at a future opportunity. There are several causes existing for the general decline of the Drama during the present age; but it will be sufficient to point out the following—dearth of talent, both male and female; the practice of authors making plays for actors, instead of compelling actors to conform themselves to their plays, as heretofore; the inordinate introduction of showy pieces; the system of *starring*, &c., &c." It surely argues a degree of inaptness, amounting to a species of national stupidity, that separated only by twenty miles of water from their polished and enlightened neighbors, the French; and having constant intercourse with Paris, where the Theatre has continued to flourish without a moment's decline, under the steady and munificent patronage of successive kings and dynasties; the English are yet still puzzling themselves as to the causes of the declension and wretchedly degraded state of the Drama in their own country; and are unable to discover, or give no heed to the fact, that the stage in France has always been magnificently supported by the funds of the government; while in Great Britain, it is left dependent on the exertions of a few adventurous individuals, who are in general soon overwhelmed by debt and embarrassments; and are at last barely enabled to keep up their establishment, by resorting to puffs and shows, and the most contemptible exhibitions, in order to attract a house, and draw a temporary supply to the exhausted treasury of the Theatre.* That not much progress towards a more liberal and enlightened system of patronage has been made by John Bull since the above was written, the following passage from an article in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review* will sufficiently show. The writer, it will be seen, recommends a new Panacea—"a classification of Theatres as a means of elevating the Drama, and restoring it to its pristine estimation and dignity. The public is not unreasonably dissatisfied with imperfect companies and bad performers. The managers wonder at the ruin and critics, &c. * * * * *

Critics become eloquent over the mournful decline of the drama. To play to an empty house, is so familiar an occurrence, that it is regarded as a necessary one. A classification would remedy all this. * * * We really know no other mode of reviving the drama."—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1813. *Art. Dramatic Reform*, pp. 20—7. The writer then goes on to state, without seeming to derive any light from the fact, that "In Germany, the principal theatres preserve their original office, and the players are in truth—their majesties' servants, and are supported by the government. In Paris, the *Opera Français* receives an annual allowance of 800,000 fr., besides the use of the theatre, gratis—and the *Opera Comique*, *Opera Italien*, *Théâtre Français*, also receive great support. They can, therefore, afford to have large houses, and expensive accompaniments; but we cannot imitate them in this, and unless (most chimerical suppositions!) our ministers should become enthusiastic about the Fine Arts, and anxious to disburse public money on them, the drama ought no longer to be performed in large theatres," &c. The strange obtuseness and confusion of ideas exhibited in these remarks, cannot but strike every reader. While the writer himself calls attention to the fact, that the theatre in Europe owes its attractions and success to the patronage which it receives from every enlightened government there—he suddenly falls back to the lame hypothesis, that the discouragement

* We have at different times made many such extracts as the ensuing from our daily papers and other sources, as being calculated to throw light on the subject under discussion, but we shall restrict ourselves to only one quotation; we might, however, easily multiply them.

"PARK CIRCUS.—We stepped into this establishment last evening, and although we regret to see the legitimate Drama banished from 'Old Drury,' we cannot but admit that the *horsemanship* exhibited was of a high order, &c."—*The Union*, N. Y. Paper, January 7th, 1845.

under which it labors in England, is owing to "the too great size of the houses, the want of classification," &c. Is it then, indeed, true—that with two national universities, established for the express purpose of teaching the classics, and with the wealth of both the Indies at her command—England is still so imperfectly enlightened, and so little liberalized in sentiment, as to render it *chimerical* to indulge the expectation that she can ever be brought to imitate the examples of either ancient Athens, or modern Germany and France, by bestowing on the higher branches of knowledge and art, the patronage which they require, and without which they nowhere flourish or attain to perfection? The *Théâtre Française*, and the different operas of Paris, are, as we need scarcely observe, the most magnificent establishments of the kind in Europe; and can never lose their attractions and high classical character, while they thus continue to receive the liberal and efficient patronage of the government—which, whether under a Bonaparte or a Bourbon, has steadily continued to extend to them its encouragement and support. We find it stated in an authentic document on the subject, that the French government expended, in the course of one year, one million five hundred thousand francs, for presents to prominent actors, and to pay the expenses of the *Théâtre Française*, and the other minor theatres of Paris. The *Académie Royale de Musique* has cost the government, in the course of one year, 800,000 francs, and the Italian Opera, 100,000. The *Théâtre de l'Odeon*, and *Opera Comique*, as before stated, also cost the national treasury immense sums. The actors and musicians attached to these establishments, when superannuated, or disabled by disease, retire upon pensions, and are early instructed and trained in the different parts which their natural talents best fit them to excel in.* The theatre in England (as in this country) has always been in the hands of private proprietors, who, far from receiving any assistance or encouragement from the government—have merely a *permission* to exhibit—while all new pieces must receive the *Imprimatur* of a Lord Chamberlain, before they can be represented. The only favor, in a word, extended to the theatre by the *Powers that be*—is a gracious permission given to its managers to make what they can, by catering to the existing taste of the public, and gratifying its general passion for spectacles and novelties—or in other words, by degrading the stage to the level of a circus, or a St. Bartholomew show. The results of this system are familiar to us all, and are sufficient—

* MODERN THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—Capitalists have backed them with unbounded wealth; experience has lent them all her aid; trickery all her cunning; puffery all her placards, bills, paragraphs, and the getting up of "stories;" the press all her hundred tongues, telling of the nightly doings, besides the special tongue in cases where a public organ has been a private engine, and what has been the result? Bankruptcies, failures, dispersions, flights, half salaries, no salaries, farewell dinners, debts, prisons, and fresh candidates for the fatal seat. The fresh candidate who, in most cases, is a fine old hand at a failure, usually finds a fresh capitalist to back him. "He is a man of such practical experience!" says the capitalist. Mooncalf! of what is his experience? Are not the practical results of all his efforts precisely of a kind to make every capitalist in his rational senses start back from his disastrous "experience?" But there is also another peculiarity attached to a managerial leaseholder. He pays people if he can; if he cannot, he laughs in their faces. Anybody else would be arrested, or knocked down, or something. He stands in a sporting attitude; and nothing happens to him! Every now and then, when a dashing, speculating sort of "man about town" finds himself totally without money, and does not know what in the world to do next, he says to himself, "Damn it! I'll take a theatre!" Very likely he will find backers with money as soon as he has taken it; in any case, the proprietors are too happy to let him the house. He invariably fails. Some are paid, many not. Who cares? That dashing speculator is not a scamp, "bless your heart," but an excellent good fellow. He has such enterprise in him! such experience! Why the impudent rogue actually risked nothing; he had nothing to risk! Oh, but he has such enterprise! And thus, with two unexamined catch-words, enterprise and experience, the proprietors of theatres, and the poor mooncalf capitalist, delude and injure themselves and the public. How totally inapplicable to Mr. Macready must be any of the preceding remarks, with reference to pecuniary dealings, need not be repeated.—*A New Spirit of the Age*.

ly apparent in the complaints of British writers of the degenerate state of their drama. The history of the British stage is a history of the miseries and degradation of genius. We need only refer to the biography of Sheridan, for a specimen of what the lives and fortunes of managers, authors, and actors are, where they thus hang dependant upon the capricious patronage of the public, from whom, after every sacrifice that they make to its changing humors and taste, they can, in general, extort only a scanty and insufficient support. Even the gifted author of "The School for Scandal," sinning against his better knowledge and taste—was compelled, by the pressure of debt and the embarrassment of their establishment, to concur with his brother managers in bringing forward some of the wildest extravagances of the mad-house drama of Germany, and the showy and unmeaning melodramas of Diamond, of Cherry, and of Weber; and to see the boards that had been graced by the classic productions of his pen, profaned by circus-riders and rope-dancers, who were introduced, as a last resort, in the hope of drawing a house. As we are not delivering a speech, nor drawing up the report of a Congressional Committee, we shall not here, by way of further illustrations, go into a detailed and endless history of the lives and misfortunes of managers, players, and dramatic authors, but shall confine ourselves to a few comments upon the effects which the system of which we have been speaking, has had upon the taste and dramatic literature of England. The following passages, extracted from "Blackwood's Magazine" for July, 1843, contain views so consonant to those we have been advancing, that we venture to quote them at length, with the comments of the Editor of the "National Intelligencer," who, it will be seen, approves of, and recommends them to the attention of the friends of the drama in this country.

"The stage in this country and in Europe seems to have fallen into dim eclipse, and can only be revived into temporary brightness by the lascivious dancing of women, or the half human performances of brutes.

"Yet it is certain that the stage has been, and we see no reason why it should not again be, of powerful efficacy to inculcate noble and patriotic feelings and high moral sentiments, and to chastise and make ashamed vice, profligacy, and hypocrisy. There is, in a very spirited article in Blackwood, under the title of 'Memoirs of a Statesman,' some views respecting the power and dignity of the stage, which we transfer to our columns:—

"The stage is now almost undone. The absurd liberalism of the day has given every corner of London a theatre, and has degraded the character of the stage in all. By scattering the ability which still exists, it has stripped the great theatres of the very means of representing dramatic excellence; which, by adopting popular contrivances to obtain temporary success, have driven away dramatic genius in contempt or in despair. Our stage is now condemned to be fed like a felon, from the dungeons, and, like a felon, to feel the stigma in every morsel which it puts between its lips. It must stoop to French frivolity or German extravagance, and be glad to exist upon either. Yet why should not higher names come to its aid? Why should not the State relieve the difficulties of a great institution which might be made to repay its assistance a thousand fold? Is there nothing that could be withdrawn from the waste of our civil lists, or the pomp of public establishments, to reunite, to purify, and even to exalt the stage? The people will have theatres. Good or evil, noble or degraded, the stage will be demanded by the people. Is it a thing indifferent to our rulers to supply them with this powerful and universal excitement in its highest degree of moral influence, or in its lowest degree of impurity; to bring before them, with all the attractions of the drama, the memory of heroes and sages, patriots and martyrs, or leave them to rake for the indulgence of eye and ear in the very kennels of crime?

"They order these things better in France." Unquestionably. The care of Government there protects the national taste, and prevents the theatre from looking for subsistence to the history of the highway. The vices which now haunt theatres are no more necessary to their nature than to the senate or the palace. Why should not the State interpose to prevent the sale of poison on the stage as in the streets? Why should it not offer prizes and honors for great tragedies and comedies as soon as it would for a voyage to the Arctic or Antarctic? But is dramatic genius dead in England? What! in England, where nothing dies; where every faculty of the heart and understanding is perpetually pushing forward to the noblest ends; where human nature moves in all its vigor, from hour to hour, without disguise; where the whole anatomy of the moral frame is visible, and all its weakness and all its wonders are the daily spectacle of all mankind. In giving these opinions of the power of the stage, need I guard them by saying that I contemplate a higher spirit than the drama even of Shakspeare has ever displayed; one which, to the vigor of his characters and the splendors of his poetry, should add a moral of which his time was scarcely conscious? My idea would approach more nearly the objects of the great Greek dramas, in which the first sympathies of the people were appealed to by the most powerful recollections of historic virtue, their national victories over the Persian, the lofty conceptions of their Olympus, the glories of their ational power, and the prospects of their imperishable renown. I contemplate nothing of the weakness, locality, or license of our old drama. I think only of a rich and lofty combination of characters above the level of our time, thoughts belonging to the elevation, feelings more generous, vivid, and majestic, and exploits uniting the soaring spirit of old romance with the sustained strength of modern energy; Greece, in her brightest days of intellectual lustre, Rome, in her most heroic days of patriotism, and England, in those days which are yet to come, and which shall fill up her inheritance of glory."

In another Essay we shall go on with the subject, and before we conclude, will offer some remarks on the comparative merits of the *Regular and Romantic Drama*, and on the necessity of adhering to the *Unities*, and to those higher and true principles of criticism, by which alone we can succeed in improving and elevating the character of our native literature, which under the lax system of writing now in vogue, which imposes on authors no other condition than that of *following*—instead of leading and directing the taste of the public—is fast becoming a mere "pale reflex" or servile copy of that of the mother country.

ATHENIAN.

A HUMAN DIVINING ROD.—Among the smaller lions of Paris, who are caressed only in the absence of the *premiers sujets*, will be found an individual possessing great interest—the Curé Paramelle, the humble village priest—who has been sent for by the *Académie des Sciences*, in order to enlighten that respectable *corps de savans* concerning the extraordinary gift which he possesses of discovering hidden springs beneath the earth. It is curious to behold the touching simplicity of his manners, and the utter unconsciousness of the importance of the gift with which it has pleased heaven to bless him. It appears that his powers are most extraordinary, that he has never once been deceived, but told on the instant, without hesitation, the exact spot where water may be found. He is singular among those who have hitherto professed the science, in his utter independence of the divining rod, which he has never needed. He describes the sensation he experiences when walking over a spring to be that of a keen and pricking pain in the throat and nostrils, like that occasioned by the inhaling of phosphorus or too strong a pinch of snuff.—*London Atlas*.

Scientific Proceedings.

MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Monthly Meeting of Thursday, December 2, 1847.

The President in the Chair.

Mr. Brantz Mayer reported that he had visited Annapolis on behalf of the Historical Society, and had received from the Governor of Maryland a number of volumes and papers under the 27th resolution of our last Legislature. The following list exhibits an outline of the volumes and documents which he had delivered to the Librarian of the Society, in order that a *catalogue raisonné* might be immediately made of them:—

Catalogue of State Papers delivered to the Maryland Historical Society, by Governor T. G. Pratt, under the 27th resolution of the legislature of 1846-47.

Bound Books.

1. A Proprietary Record Book, 1637 to 1644, 1 vol.
2. Records of Council and Acts of Assembly, 1659 to 1666, 1 vol.
3. Council Record Book, 1656 to 1688, do.
4. Council Record Book, 1721 to 1728, do.
5. Gov. Sharpe's Letter Book, 1754 to 1756, do.
6. Journal of Council of Safety at Annapolis, 1775 to 1776, do.
7. Gov. Sharpe's Letter Book, 1767 to 1771, do.

Paper Books.

1. Several paper books, containing Memoranda of the Early Political History of Maryland; Proprietary Council Book; Account of the Revenue Laws; Answer to Queries published in Morning Chronicle 16 and 19 Sept., 1758.
2. Catalogue of N. American Trees which thrive in England.
3. Bill Book.
4. Record of a Congress of the Provinces at Albany, relative to the Indians, 1754.
5. Orders and Instructions, signed by George II., relative to Trade and Navigation.

Packages of Letters and Papers.

- 1 package of Letters from Gov. T. Johnson during Revolution.
- 1 package of Letters from Patrick Henry, Luther Martin, Gen. Washington, Pulaski, Col. S. Smith, and Secretary Thompson—1778.
- 1 package various Proprietary Papers.
- 1 package Letters from Wm. Pitt, Prime Minister, 1756-57; Gen. Conway, 1765-66; Lords Hillsborough and Shelbourne, 1764-1768; Mr. Stanley, 1768; W. Kelby, 1758; Sir Thos. Robinson, 1754-55.
- 1 package Letters from Gen. Amherst, 1759 to 1762; Gen. Gage, 1764-65; Col. Howe, 1758.
- 1 package Letters from Fred'k, Lord Baltimore, Cecilious Calvert, 1751 to 69.
- 1 package Letters from Governors Shirley, Denny, and Dinwiddie—1756.

Mr. Mayer examined various apartments in the Capitol at Annapolis in which there are papers of historic interest. In the receptacles he found some valuable relics of the past; but everything was in such manifest disorder that it was impossible to separate the useful from the rubbish. He remarked that this was especially the case in a room which has been used for committees, and in which there are several closets filled with papers relative to early portions of Maryland history.

Mr. Mayer urged upon the Society the propriety of using its influence with our State authorities to rescue these fragments of the past from further decay or utter ruin; and stated his belief that our institution had obtained but a small portion of what it was entitled to under the Resolution, in consequence of the utter confusion into which the early Proprietary and Revolutionary papers have been suffered to fall. He did not charge this neglect either upon any

individual or upon the worthy people of Annapolis; because, for many years, no one had been specially intrusted with the care or collection of our State papers. It is proper now, however, that the State should at once vindicate its character by a just tribute of respect to a meritorious ancestry, and imitate the noble example of New York, Georgia, and other States, whose historical documents are perfectly arranged and immediately accessible in their capitals.

S. F. STREETER, Sec'y.

Arts and Sciences.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Sitting of Oct. 18.—M. Isidore Geoffrey St. Hilaire made a communication to the Academy respecting experiments for domesticating some of the animals at the Jardin des Plantes. He has succeeded in obtaining broods of the goose called Egyptian, but which, we believe, is of Nubian origin, although acclimated in Egypt; and there is reason to believe that this bird, which is of beautiful plumage, may be in time propagated to such an extent as to furnish a valuable addition to our alimentary substances. M. St. Hilaire also informs us that several colts have been obtained from hemione, or dziggetai, which partakes of the horse and the ass, and which in Hindostan is a very useful animal for agricultural labor. The hemiones at the Jardin des Plantes, although allowed to run in the open air during the day, have been placed in heated stables at night; but there is every reason to suppose that the progeny will support this climate.

M. Becquerel communicated the results of some experiments relative to the action of salt in vegetation. He has found saline solutions rather injurious than useful; but he is not yet sufficiently advanced with his experiments to warrant him in saying that this is also the case with salt used in the granulated state.

M. Payen read a paper on the disease with which the tomato or love-apple has been affected this year. He considers it to be similar to that of the potatoe.

A letter was received from M. Vico, announcing the discovery at Rome, on the 3d, of a new comet invisible to the naked eye. Its right ascension was diminishing with rapidity.

A letter from M. Schumacher announces the discovery at Hamburg, on the 11th, of a telescopic comet, near the constellation of Hercules, by Madame Rumker, the wife of the director of the Hamburg Observatory. Communications were received from different places giving accounts of the observations of the recent eclipse of the sun; but they do not possess particular interest.

A paper was received from M. Claudet containing an account of various photogenic experiments. They show clearly that the solar spectrum is endowed with three different photogenic actions, which correspond with three groups susceptible of being attributed to the three groups of red, yellow, and blue rays. These three actions have distinct characters; each of the radiations has the effect of fixing the vapors of mercury in daguerreotype plates, but are in other respects so different that they cannot mingle or assist each other; on the contrary, they destroy each other. The effect commenced by the blue rays is destroyed by the yellow and red rays, and that which is produced by the red rays is destroyed by the yellow. The effect of the yellow rays is destroyed by the red, and that of the two last is destroyed by the blue rays. These changes appear to indicate that the chemical compound which covers the plate remains always the same under the various influences, and that there is no separation or isolation of the constituent principles. By a proper application of this theory it will be possible to efface any image upon a plate, and yet leave it in such a state as to receive a new impression.

Artificial Stone.—A process has been patent-

ed by which artificial stone of every quality may be produced, from artificial granite to statuary marble. This invention is, from its cheapness, a great advantage for all the purposes of architectural decoration, and from its plastic nature before it becomes hard, of great service to sculptors in taking casts of statuettes, busts, &c., and even of figures of the size of life. The cost is, in all cases, where carving is required in stone in which this composition is substituted, less by nine-tenths. The invention is founded on the chemical analysis of the natural varieties of stone, and the manufacture is capable of such modifications as are requisite to produce all the varieties. The artificial stone produced is less absorbent than natural stone, and is superior in compactness of texture, and will resist frost, damp, and the chemical acids. It is made of flints and siliceous grit, sand, &c., rendered fluid by heat, and poured into moulds as required till cool and hardened. Its strength and solidity enable it to resist more blows than real stone. The specimens of the invention, which are to be seen at the office of the works, No. 6 John street, Bedford-row, are exceedingly curious; they consist of many varieties, some being plain pieces of coping stones for variegated pavements for halls and rooms, stone ornaments, such as mouldings for friezes, finials, and some more elaborate, having flowers and devices apparently cut with the chisel. There are also some grindstones, and hones used by agricultural laborers for sharpening scythes and tools. The invention is also applicable to the lining of cisterns and waterpipes, its vitreous qualities insuring cleanliness. Its extreme cheapness is also a matter of consideration to those who require ornamental additions to houses.—*London Critic.*

Glimpses of Books.

THE PRODUCTIONS OF AUSTRALIA (*a new field for American commercial enterprise*).—"There is every reason to believe that Western Australia will one day become a great wine country. Its vineyards are becoming more numerous and extensive every year, and the wine produced in them is of a quality to lead us to believe that when the art of preparing it is better understood, it will be found of very superior quality. It will, however, be a new kind of wine; and therefore, before it will be prized in Europe, prejudices in favor of older wines will have to be overcome. Soil and climate combined give to wines their peculiar flavor. The vines which in Madeira produce the wine of that name, when brought to another country, even in a corresponding latitude, and planted in soil that chemically approaches as closely as possible to that which they have left, will produce a wine materially different from that called Madeira. So with the vines of Xeres and Oporto, of Teneriffe or Constantia. Different countries produce wines peculiar to themselves; and the wine of Western Australia will be found to be entirely *sui generis*. All that I have tasted, though made from the poorest of grapes, the common sweet-water, have one peculiarity; a good draught, instead of affecting the head or flushing the face, causes a most delightful glow to pervade the stomach: and it is of so comforting a nature, that the laborers in harvest prefer the home-made wine to any other beverage. Every farm-settler is now adding a vineyard to his estate. The olive is also being extensively cultivated. In a few years' time dried fruits will be exported in large quantities, but we almost fear that the colonists are giving too much of their attention to the cultivation of grapes and other fruits. In addition to exports on a large scale, of wool, horses, timber, and metals, these articles of commerce are not undeserving of attention, but they should not be brought so prominently forward as to form the principal feature in the trade of the colony. Wine and fruit countries are always poor countries; let us think of substantial first, and of wine and fruit only by way of dessert. Cotton is a plant that grows

extremely well in this colony, and might be cultivated on a large scale, and doubtless with great success. Mr. Hutt, the late governor, whose constant anxiety to promote the interest of the settlers in every way must long endear him to their memories, always appeared extremely sanguine as to the practicability of making this a great cotton country. But Western Australia contains, perhaps, greater internal wealth than that which appears on the surface. She abounds in iron, which must some day come into the Indian market; and as the metal lies close to the surface, it may be obtained without much expenditure of capital. There is no doubt, also, that she is equally rich in copper and platina, but capital is wanting at present, to enable the settlers to work the mines. Soon, however, companies will be formed, and operations will be carried on rivalling those of South Australia. Extensive fields of excellent coal have lately been discovered, and will prove the source of vast wealth to the colony. Steam-vessels in the Indian Ocean will be supplied with coal from Western Australia; and the depôts at Singapore, Point-de-Galle, and perhaps at Aden, will afford a constant market for this valuable commodity. The staple export of the colony is, of course, at present wool. Our flocks, unfortunately, increase in a much greater ratio than the inhabitants, and thus the scarcity of labor becomes severely felt. A large flock becomes an evil, and men are burdened and impoverished by the very sources of wealth. The expense of maintaining becomes greater than the returns. The emigrants who are most sure of improving their condition in a colony, are those men who begin as shepherds, and, having established a good character for themselves, undertake the care of a flock upon shares; that is, they receive a certain proportion—a third, and sometimes even a half—of the annual increase of wool, delivering the remainder to the owner at the sea-port, ready packed for shipping. These men, of course, soon acquire a flock of their own, and then abandon their original employer to his old embarrassment, leaving him (a resident probably in the capital, and already a prey to multitudinous distractions) to find out a new shepherd on still more exorbitant terms. As large grants of lands may be obtained by tenants for merely nominal rents, or in consideration of their erecting stock-yards or farm buildings in the course of a term of years, there is every inducement to men of this class to become settlers."—*E. W. Landor.*

MORALITY OBTRUDED UNNECESSARILY.—But to return to this very circumspect generation of little books. Connected with them may be mentioned a kindred class of mediocrity which, if they do not absolutely tie the mind to their apron-strings, are always reminding it of the length of its tether. The obvious intention of these writers is to do good, but the very officiousness of their services renders them unpalatable. The truth is, there is no getting rid of them. From the moment you open the book the moral treads so close upon your heels as to be absolutely in the way. Children have no sooner begun to enjoy, than they are called upon to reflect; they have no sooner begun to forget that there exists in the world such a little being as themselves, than they are pulled back to remember not only what they are, but what they will one day infallibly become. In short, the young idea is not left to shoot one moment in peace, but is twitted and snubbed the whole way through with a pertinacity of admonition, injunction, and advice, which, from its studious incorporation with the tale itself, is more than usually difficult to elude. In this respect the old school was far more considerate. You were allowed to have the story part all to yourself, while the good advice and personalities were carefully summed up in three awfully dry lines at the conclusion, labelled, for fear of mistake, "MORAL," which you treated at will, and either swallowed whole or skipped altogether.

The consequence, it is true, of this plan was, that children became accustomed to look on tale and moral as two utterly distinct concerns, in no way connected except by conventional proximity; and the little girl of ten years old, who had just been devouring a story where this usual appendage was failing, on being questioned as to the moral, earnestly denied the fact of there being any at all, and brought up her book to prove it! Certain it is that if the moral does not find its way to the heart through the narrative itself, it will scarcely reach it in a subsequent set form; yet the present plan of general distribution is by far the worst of the two, inasmuch as, by the perpetual interruption to the sympathies, you lessen the effect of the tale, and with it the chance of edification. We should always bear in mind that the instruction, whether moral or intellectual, arising from works avowedly of amusement, can be only incidental. It is of no use endeavoring to teach in hours which children consider exempt from learning; they like neither lessons nor lectures in their wrong places, or they cease to be children if they do.—*Quarterly Review*.

Miscellany.

THE ORIGIN OF DANCING.

(An unpublished page of Gothamite Mythology.)

A LONG while ago, when mankind took a start,
And Learning began to engage a great part
Of men, and of women, and children's attention,
The Children of Dullness (too numerous to mention)
Suspecting the change wouldn't better their looks,
And fearing perhaps they'd be read from the books,
Held a meeting one morning in old Sleepy Hollow,
And after a vote of warm thanks to Apollo,
Embodied their woes in a lachrymose prayer,
Which flew up to Jove in this wise through the air:

"Dear Jove, with our noddies in reverence bent,
We beg most respectfully to represent
That, as this is a valley of sorrow and care,
Each man should come in for his own proper share,
And, therefore, the pleasures that flow from the mind
Should never with those of the world be combined—
Or what would become of our numerous class,
And where on this earth will we currently pass?"

Jove heard—and, with genuine, god-like politeness,
Replied through an angel, of heavenly brightness
(Who once blotted out Toby's oath with a tear),
That a fortunate day was at last drawing near,
And henceforth 'twas established a law of the earth
That each man be supplied, at the time of his birth,
With two spirits to guard—one his head—one his heel—
And to these, in each case, 'twas his right to appeal.
But 'twas also ordained that these spirits should fight
'Till one were enslaved by the other one's might,
And then, to the victor alone would remain
The right o'er his mortal exclusive to reign.
Thus, when he of the head should have carried the day,

His captive would be from the world far away,
Amid the delights of belles-lettres and books,
Inhaling sweet flowers by the side of soft brooks;
But when victory perched upon him of the heel,
His comfort would lie in the Waltz and the Reel,
In Polkas, Redowas, Cotillions, and Jigs,
And other such dances so fatal to wigs.

And 't was further declared (out of spite, I believe,
To the pippin which proved so attractive to Eve—
For Eve's lips, you must know, were not things for
Jove's missing,

And the apple *did* get some delectable kissing),
That woman be watched by one angel alone—
The angel who governed the heel as his own,
And that ever hereafter her greatest delight
Be to whirl with a goose in the blaze of gas-light.
That's why, my dear poets, the man who is led
By the angel in charge of his dear precious head
(Being fated to pass his existence away
From the world where sweet woman turns night into day);

To succeed in his suit, stands such mighty poor chance
In a court where the pleading's all done in the dance,
And it also explains why we frequently see
Smallest birds bear away the best fruit on the tree,
While those that soar heavenward on loftier wing
Must be pleased—if permitted so much as to sing.

THE Camden Society are about to publish some newly discovered and valuable letters of Queen Elizabeth to James VI. of Scotland, written between the years 1581 and 1594. They relate to the Armada, Babington's conspiracy, the trial of James's mother, and other occurrences of that eventful period.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.—*Religious Books for Children*.—"We may here say a few words upon a set of books which, professing to facilitate and promote the reading of the Scriptures, in reality sometimes exclude them. Endless, nowadays, are the assistances for the understanding of that which we can neither add to nor take from without danger, and which, as far as concerns young and old, is in itself adapted to every capacity. Innumerable are the 'Guides to Scripture' and 'Helps to the Bible'—the 'Bible Lessons' and 'Scripture Stories'—which, though they may faithfully give the spirit of Holy Writ, materially interfere with the letter. Two or three of these are very beautiful, and several more of them, we acknowledge, in some way edifying; but this is not a walk for ordinary writers—and even as to many cleverly executed works of the class it may be justly questioned whether, in the ardor of exemplification, the clearness of the example has not been obscured, and in the exuberance of commentary, the simplicity of the text forgotten. Some are plain enough, but then what can be plainer than Scripture? Too many, however, seek to give a meretricious interest, the taste for which it is of all things most dangerous to encourage. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the Bible gains anything by a superficial garnish of sentimentality, or a margin of matter-of-fact elucidation—that the pathos of Ruth's devotion is enhanced by any supposititious romance on which the text is silent, or the miracle of Peter's Deliverance by a mechanical description of the lock which burst open. Some commentary is necessary, and that best determined by those most conversant with the individual mind; but nothing, under any pretext, ought to be allowed to interfere with the knowledge of the Scriptures, word for word, as they are. There is enough in them that children can understand, and what they cannot in no way suffers by being acquired young."

Utility of Children's Books.—"We are aware that a small party exists who not only deny the utility of the modern juvenile school, but go so far as to question the utility and policy of children's books altogether. Tieck, a true genius, as well as a most learned man, is said never to have allowed one to enter his house. Such a mode of prevention, however, is worse than the evil itself. Juvenile books are as necessary to children as juvenile companionship, though nothing can be worse for them than to be restricted exclusively to either. Doubtless the imaginary exemption from the rules and ceremonials of general literature, which little books as well as little folks enjoy, has, as we have seen, fostered a host of works from the simply unprofitable to the directly pernicious, which would otherwise not have seen the light. But neither this nor any other consideration should forbid the cultivation of a branch of literature which, properly understood, gives exercise to the highest powers both of head and heart, or make us ungrateful to those writers by whom great powers have been devoted. For children are not their only debtors—nor is the delight with which we take up one of the companions of our childhood entirely attributable to associations of days gone by—nor the assiduity with which we devour a new comer solely ascribable to parental watchfulness—but it is with these as with some game which we join at first merely to try whether we can play as we once did, or with the view of keeping our little playmates out of mischief, but which we end by liking for its own sake—though we do not always say so."—*London Quarterly*.

DEAD OR ALIVE.—The *Magdeburgh Gazette* of the 20th inst. has a strange report, derived from its correspondent at Berlin, that the celebrated surgeon, M. Dieffenbach, whose death and magnificent funeral we announced last week, may still come to life again. For reasons best known to the medical men who advised the measure, his body is still kept in a warm room, and all means of restoring life are kept ready in the apartment.—*London Morning Post*.

The Courier & Enquirer lately had the following communication.

"WRITTEN ORDERS ON A BATTLE FIELD.—It appears that the question put to a witness the other day on the trial of Lt. Col. Fremont, as to whether an order delivered on a field of battle in Mexico, was *verbal* or *written*, 'produced some merriment,' upon the supposed improbability of a *written* order being possible in the excitement of action. Written orders, if not usual, certainly are not rare, during action. Allow me to cite one in point: a few years since I was standing in the State House at Boston, gazing at the statue of Washington in its rotunda, and while so engaged was addressed by an old man leaning on his staff, looking with equal interest upon this mute representation of the departed hero. I soon found from his conversation that he was a revolutionary soldier, and had fought under Washington in several battles. At the battle of Monmouth, with several other drummer boys, he lagged a little behind to fill his canteen at a brook near the road, as the weather was hot. 'As we hurried on to join our regiment,' said he, 'we ran over a hill. On the summit sat General Washington on horseback, with a single aide reined up a few paces from his side, the General writing an order with his pencil on a slip of paper resting upon the pommel of his saddle. As we passed, a cannon shot (many of which were flying around) plunged into the earth between him and his aide, covering him and his horse with dirt. He did not,' said the old man, 'even look up, but threw the dirt from the paper, finished writing the order, and then handed it to the aide, who immediately put spurs to his horse and galloped off to another part of the field.' While this anecdote exemplifies the composure that always like a halo surrounded Gen. Washington, it is to the point in sustaining the position that there is nothing incompatible in the delivery of a *written* order on a battle field.

"NEW YORK."

The Courier thus remarks:—

"At the battle of White Plains, General Washington repeatedly sent written orders to the leaders of columns. And in one instance, while writing on his horse, with his right leg thrown up and resting on the neck of his horse, the animal was frightened by a hen's perching upon an adjoining fence and cackling, which caused the General to lose his balance. He was, however, caught by a soldier standing alongside of him, and thus his fall prevented."

The celebrated TIMOTHY PITKIN died recently in New Haven, at the venerable age of eighty-two. He was the author of a "Statistical History of the United States," which, on account of the valuable statements it contains, has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. He has left, in manuscript, a full and complete History of the old Federal Party, which will shortly be published in three volumes octavo, in accordance with the directions of his will.

An improvement is likely to be speedily made in the adhesive postage-stamps; and the practical department of the Post-office is engaged in investigating the process. The invention consists of a machine by which "more than double the number of stamp sheets that is now annually required may be so minutely indented in the direction of the white lines as to allow the stamps to be instantly detached from the sheet without the operation of cutting; perfect, too, in every respect; or, in other words, no way mutilated or disfigured, like most of the stamps that are now torn from each other. The contrivance will also enable purchasers to fold a sheet of stamps, or any less quantity, with unerring regularity, and in one-tenth of the time that is at present consumed in the operation."—*London Spectator*.

A CONTENTED DRUGGIST.—A druggist was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell. He arose, went down stairs, and had to serve a customer with a dose of salts. His wife grumbled—"What profit do you get out of that penny?" "A ha'penny," replied the assiduous druggist. "And for that ha'penny you'll be awake a long time," rejoined the wife. "Never mind," added the druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer. Let us thank heaven that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction."

A Hoosier was called upon the stand, away out West, to testify as to the character of a brother Hoosier. It was as follows: "How long have you known Bill Bushwack?"

"Ever since he war born."

"What is his general character?"

"Letter A, No. 1—'bove par a great way."

"Would you believe him on oath?"

"Yes sir-ee, on or off, or any other way."

"What, in your opinion, are his qualifications to good character?"

"He's the best shot on the prairies or in the woods, he can shave the eye-winkers off a wolf as far as shootin' iron'll carry a ball, he can drink a quart of grog any day, and he chaws tabaker like a hoss." So Bill Bushwack passed muster.

SHIP.—The telescope of the world.

MONEY.—The largest slave-holder in the world.

EXPERIENCE.—The scars of our wounds.

WINE.—Bottled fever.—A friend who seldom dies without torturing us with his ghost.

DEBT.—A slice out of another man's loaf.

THE LAST PICTURE HOAX.—A wealthy Italian lately arrived at Paris, having in his possession some original pictures of the two most celebrated painters of Greece, Zeuxis and Apelles: one of them, representing a virgin, he had purchased for a Carracci; on examining it carefully he observed that the naked foot was of extraordinary beauty, but of totally different style, and more highly finished than the rest of the picture. He accordingly commenced cleaning it; the oil painting of the Italian master gradually disappeared, and as the operation proceeded, the entire form of a female came into view. The painting proved to be part of a religious scene, and represented a "Truth." It was recognised as one of the most celebrated pictures of the school of Athens. The fortunate discoverer observed that it was painted *à la cire* upon *toile d'aloës*, which, it is well known, was customary among the Greek artists. Happy in the possession of this first treasure, he immediately determined to search in the galleries of Italy, and among the Italian merchants, for pictures on *toile d'aloës*. He succeeded, and purchased fifteen, submitted them to the same process of cleansing, and they also proved to be of the Greek school. It is asserted that the famous picture, "The Cluster of Grapes," is among the number. The fact of the pictures being painted over is easily accounted for; it is well known that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, religious fervor was carried to such an extreme, that the artist often converted profane subjects into religious pictures; they, however, always sought to preserve some of the beautiful details of the original works.

SINGULAR PENAL CEREMONY.—Hamburg witnessed a curious proceeding on the 8th inst. The scaffold was erected as for an execution before the principal front of the Exchange, and at twelve o'clock a large furnace filled with resinous wood was placed on it. The wood having been set on fire, the bell of the Town-hall was rung violently, as is usual during the execution of decrees inflicting infamous penalties. At one o'clock the hour at which merchants are assembled on the Exchange, the public executioner ascended the scaffold, followed by two of his assistants, and after having caused a drum to be beat, proclaimed in a loud voice the name of the merchant who had been declared guilty of fraudulent bankruptcy, and who had taken to

flight. He then displayed to the spectators an enormous placard bearing the name of the culprit in gigantic letters. He next caused the drum to be beat a second time, after which he tossed the placard into the flames. For twenty-three years no similar execution had taken place in Hamburg.

REMAINS OF THE ROMAN LONDON.—At a recent meeting of the British Archaeological Association, Mr. Roach Smith announced the discovery, in Lad-lane, of a tessellated Roman pavement and of walls, about nine feet from the present street level, running underneath the street and extending at least thirty feet in length. A few years since, during excavations on the opposite side of Lad-lane, in Wood-street, and by the side of St. Michael's church, tessellated pavements were laid open. They probably all belonged to one large building; but unfortunately the remains were destroyed so rapidly that it was impossible to make correct drawings and plans. He was in hopes he should have preserved a fragment of colored tessellated pavement found near the church, and he had sought the assistance of the town-clerk and comptroller, with a view to induce the Corporation to receive it in the Guildhall: but although those gentlemen laudably seconded his endeavors, a counteracting influence frustrated their efforts, and the pavement was broken to pieces. Mr. Smith remarked that the position of these pavements immediately beneath Wood-street and Lad-lane showed the change that had taken place in the direction of the streets of London since it was a Roman city. He had observed that most of the present streets of London, from the same cause, gave indications of their being of no very remote antiquity, or, at least, that a great change has taken place in the general plan of the city since the Roman epoch.—*Literary Gazette.*

THE VIRTUES OF JEWELS.—The following are some of the virtues attributed to stones, as borrowed from a Persian manuscript, translated by Raja Kalikishen, in the *East Indian Magazine*, in which the similarity between the virtues of the stones, and the ideas which they originally represented, will even now be traced.—

Diamond preserves from lightning, cures madness and vain fears.

Ruby purifies the blood, quenches thirst, dispels melancholy, insures honor and competence.

The Emerald averts bad dreams, gives courage, cures palsy.

The Turquoise, in its Persian name, "Aber Is'hagi, Father of Isaac," contains reference to a mental principle, particularly valuable, since at Nishapur, in Khorasan, is the only known turquoise mine in the world. It brightens the eyes, and is a remedy for the bites of venomous animals.

And in other traditions it is maintained, that—Pearls refresh the spirits and obviate passions. Sapphire preserves from enchantments.

Chrysoprase will make one out of love with gold.

Agates preserve from tempests.

Amethyst prevents inebriation.

Corals change color with the mind of the wearer.

A STAGE FAIR.—As to costume: having never travelled out of my own country, I can of course only form an idea of its correctness when the scene lies in England. If there be a representation of an English statute fair, or a village festival, and I observe the groups dressed in fantastic garbs—the women in silk bodices and jauntily-balanced straw hats—the men in tastily-adorned velvet jackets, silk stockings, and breeches of the same, I know it to be both exaggerated and irreconcilable with reason, for our real peasantry would certainly not know their gorgeous deputies in the mimic world. This is not holding "the mirror up to nature."—Country correspondent of the *Dramatic News.*

THE QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT IN MUSIC.—A motion, interesting as it affects the important question of copyright, was heard in the Court of Queen's Bench on Saturday. The case of Boosey v. Davidson, which was an issue to try whether the defendant had or had not infringed the copyright of several songs in Bellini's "La Sonnambula." Mr. Boosey, a music-seller in Holles-street, had published the songs in the opera. The case was tried before Mr. Justice Erle last term, and the jury found for the plaintiff, he having established his property in the music to their satisfaction. The declaration set forth that the music had been first published and printed in England, and the defendant pleaded thereto, first, that the plaintiff did not possess the copyright; secondly, that he was not the proprietor; thirdly, that there was no copyright, even supposing the songs had been first printed and published in England; and, fourthly, that they were not printed in England. Of course this raised the question, whether in point of law the plaintiff, a resident of England, could possess the copyright of a foreign work which had been assigned to him by a foreign author residing abroad. The Learned Judge who tried the cause considered this matter of sufficient importance to come under the review of the Court of Queen's Bench in banco. The only proof given by Mr. Boosey of his proprietorship was a certificate from Stationers' Hall, setting forth that the music was first printed and published by him on the 10th June, 1831. The question whether the plaintiff could set up a claim to the copyright had been decided by the Lord Chief Baron in the case of Chappell v. Purday, as that Learned Judge had decided that a publisher in England could have no property like copyright in the musical compositions of a foreigner residing abroad, although the author might do so if the work was originally published here, and he were a resident in the country. Mr. Sergeant Shea applied for a rule nisi, calling upon the plaintiff to show cause why there should not be a new trial on the grounds stated, which was acceded to.—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

COPYRIGHT OF ENGLISH SUBJECTS IN HANOVER.—By an order of Council, dated the 30th of October, 1847, it is declared, in pursuance of powers granted by treaty between Her Majesty and the King of Hanover, and by the act of parliament relating to international copyright, that the authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers of books, prints, and certain other works of art published within the dominions of Hanover, shall have the privilege of copyright therein. And by another order of Council of the same date, it is further declared, that from and after the 30th of October, 1847, in lieu of the duties of customs heretofore payable upon books, prints, and drawings published at any place in the kingdom of Hanover, there shall be payable on books originally produced in the United Kingdom, and republished in Hanover, a duty of 2*l.* 10*s.* per cwt.; on books published or republished in Hanover, not being books originally produced in the United Kingdom, 15*s.* per cwt.; on prints and drawings, plain or colored, published in Hanover, single, each, 4*d.*; bound or sewn, the dozen, 1*l.* 4*d.*—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

FIGHTING ONE ANOTHER.—The Marquis of Thomond's cock-feeder was greatly censured for shutting up the noble lord's cocks together in one room, on the eve of battle. His excuse was, on the next morning, when some cocks were found dead and others half-dead and sorely mutilated, that he "did not think they would quarrel as they were all to fight on the same side." Are the unfeathered bipeds of Ireland a whit wiser than the game-cocks?—*Newry Examiner.*

Among the latest lists of patents is "An invention for making paper for the building of houses, bridges, ships, and all sorts of wheel carriages, either entirely of paper, or wood and iron covered with paper."

MISS BARNES'S DRAMATIC WRITINGS.—E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, have for some time had in press a choice collection of the literary and dramatic writings of Miss Barnes, prepared by that gifted young actress at intervals of professional leisure. It is rumored that the fair author, who has recently changed her name in happy wedlock, will soon retire from the stage. If so, she may perhaps make literature her pursuit, and we admire the delicacy and feeling which prompted her to put this volume to press, under circumstances which mark her first book as a grateful tribute to a father's name and memory.

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE.—The Reformation can never be properly understood so long as it is looked at either in the light of a change of doctrines, or a publication of the right of the intellect to free inquiry. It was, essentially, a substitution of individual faith for sacerdotal reliance—of personal religion for ecclesiastical obedience. The same spirit, in a less healthy form, reappeared, to reproduce the same phenomena, when Methodism arose, and diffused itself with gradual but triumphant power from the earnest souls of the Wesleys. In all these instances, the regenerative influence commences its action with the great mass of the people: for it is an apparent law of Providence, that while in society *knowledge descends, faiths ascend*: while science, doubt, opinion, all ideas of the understanding, gravitate from the few to the many; affections, convictions, truths of the conscience and the heart, rise from the many to the few.

THE EARL AND THE FARMER.—The Leicester Mercury is our authority for the following pleasant little story:—"A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam and complained that, in his hunting excursions with his hounds, he had trodden down a field of wheat so as to do it damage. The earl told him that if he would procure an estimate of the loss he would pay it. The man informed him that he had done so already, and it was believed the damage would be 50*l*. The earl paid it. But, as spring came on, the wheat which had been trodden down grew up, and became the best in the field. The farmer honestly returned the 50*l*. "Ah," said the earl, "this is as it ought to be between man and man." After making some inquiries about his family, the earl went into another room, and returning gave the man a check for 100*l*., saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERY.—We are informed that M. Vattermare has made some valuable discoveries in the office of the Secretary of State. A mass of old papers were put into his possession to wrap up the works that were presented to him from the State, and among them he is said to have found the original Charter of Trinity Church, New York, granted by Queen Anne, and many other valuable manuscripts, including many that Mr. Brodhead was sent to Europe to search after! Mr. Vattermare, we are further informed, volunteered the information of his discovery to several gentlemen. We trust, if this story is correct, as given to us by several responsible persons, that some full and authorized statement respecting it will be made from the proper source.—*Albany Express*.

The authorship of the "Vestiges of the Creation" has been the subject of as many various guesses as have been started on the question, Who wrote the letters of "Junius"? For some time conjecture seems to have settled down into pretty general belief that the vestige tracer was no other than Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh; but the *Scottish Press* puts an extinguisher on this notion. "We know," it says, "on the most unquestionable authority, that Mr. Chambers had no more connexion with the authorship of the 'Vestiges' than he had with that of the Epistle to the Hebrews."

A REMARKABLE undertaking is in progress in Sweden—that of lowering the waters of the great lake of Oleren twelve feet, which has become necessary in consequence of the construction of a railway from Stockholm to Gothenberg. The work is done exclusively by soldiers.

THE NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR ETHER.—Prof. Simpson, of Edinburgh, has discovered in the vapor of chloroform a perfect substitute for that of ether in surgical operations. The chloroform has this advantage, that it may be inhaled without the use of any special apparatus. Mr. Robinson, of Gower street, has sent to the *London Morning Chronicle* the following account of three cases in which he used the new agent:—

"The first case was that of a young lady, 14 years of age, who inhaled the chloroform from a handkerchief; in two minutes she was insensible, when I extracted two teeth. In three minutes she recovered consciousness, and left my surgery perfectly well. The second was a gentleman, twenty-seven years of age, who inhaled from a piece of sponge containing one hundred drops of chloroform; in three minutes insensibility was produced, a tooth was then extracted; he recovered in four minutes. The third case was that of a young lady who required the extraction of three teeth and four stumps; in four minutes she became insensible, by inhaling the vapor from a handkerchief, as in the first case; the teeth and stumps were removed; she recovered in seven minutes after the operation. The great superiority of this new agent over ether is, that less quantity is required to produce insensibility, and is more rapid in its effects; unconsciousness does not continue so long after the operation, the flavor is more agreeable to the patient, and leaves no unpleasant odor after inhalation; neither is that debility felt, so often experienced after inhaling ether."

Recent Publications.

The Lesson of Life, and other Poems. By George H. Boker. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

New poets are springing up over the country, as thick (to use a delicate and poetical simile) as violets on a May morning. The sea of inspiration, pent up no more in the one great mind whose advent the whole nation is anxiously awaiting, runs away in a hundred rivulets, some of which wander with a sluggish tide towards the land of oblivion, while others leap on their wild course with an impetuous freedom, catching now and then a gleam of immortality on their waters. Whether this is the result of republican influence, which tends to bring all things to the same level, or whether it is produced by a general growth and progress of Mind among the people, we leave for subtler metaphysicians to determine;—our present object being only to call attention to another name which is just cast, with a volume of 190 pages, on the tide of native literature—to sink or swim, as the public shall determine.

The "Lesson of Life," the principal poem in this volume, running through sixty-six pages of blank verse, contains many pleasing passages, yet frequently shows a want of care and finish in the execution. A pure and elevated tone of sentiment pervades it throughout, and it embodies enough of poetic thought, were the poem compressed to half its present length, to make it a production of a high order of merit. The "calendar" is a more hackneyed subject, and Hosmer's little volume, called "The Months," seems to have given it the last illustrations of which it is capable. We notice among the smaller poems, one or two instances of unconscious imitation, against which young writers should be particularly careful to guard. "The Shark" echoes the spirit of Mrs. Oakes Smith's "Mariner," and "A Snow Storm in April" seems to us suggested by T. B. Read's poem, called "Autumn's Sighing." We mention these instances to the author, as a friendly caution, for he has it in his power to do better things. We

copy a very fine translation from the Anglo-Saxon, with which the volume ends, and would recommend Mr. Boker to pursue the study of that rude old literature, the spirit of which he has so well transferred to our native tongue:—

FRAGMENT FROM BEOWULF.

"If death from the fierce shock of battle should take me,
My corse from the red field of slaughter ye'll bear;
Remember a grave in the valley to make me,
And bury your iron clad warrior there.

Let none from the field of my glory returning,
Padde o'er me and mournfully lean on the spear;
But while the hot blood in each bosom is burning,
Sing o'er me the feast song, and quaff the brown beer.

Let my hillock be marked with the simple wild-flower;
Nor care what the fate of my body may be;
But if Hilda withdraws me in battle's dark hour,
To Higelaec* bear these rich garments for me:

The richest the gay loom of Veland hath woven;
Their splendor surpasses the breaking of day!
My faith to my kinsman and country I've proven,
The face of stern Fortune can turn as it may!"

The Holy War by Bunyan. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

THIS well-sustained allegory, illustrating Christian warfare, has never been so great a favorite as the "Pilgrim's Progress" of the same quaint author. Like the Odyssey of Homer, or the Paradise Regained of Milton, its popularity has been a kind of reflected glory from another work more famous and admired. This edition, however, unless we are much mistaken, will make King Shaddai's descent upon Diabolus for the regaining the metropolis of the world, a well-known phase of allegorical history among the rising generation. The typography is perfectly superb, and the illustrations, which, full of spirit, illustrate the volume in the greatest profusion, bring up the whole story of the losing and taking again of the town of Mansoul, with a scenic effort that must charm every eye.

A noble portrait of Excellent John Bunyan, with his autograph under date of 1682, gives value to the volume; which is a fine octavo, rendered a substantial book for the library, by the learned explanatory, experimental, and practical notes, by the Rev. George Burder.

Making Haste to be Rich; or, Temptation and Fall. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Baker & Scribner.

ONE of those popular "Tales for the Rich and Poor," in which the author is known so much to excel, that he is beginning to have all the field to himself. We have our own private doubts about the whole "Poor Richard Philosophy," which Dr. Franklin stamped upon the country, and we welcome the ministry of almost any work which sets itself against the inordinate love of wealth which is the inevitable result of the cultivation of thrift as an *end*, instead of a *means* of happiness.

The Devotional Family Bible. By the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D. New York: George Virtue.

We have repeatedly commended this elegant work on the score both of its mechanical excellence and its cheapness. It contains both the Old and New Testaments, with explanatory notes, practical observations, copious marginal references, and every number is illustrated by a fine steel engraving from drawings taken on the spot—of views of the principal places mentioned in Scripture.

Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Edited by Wm. Chambers. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1847.

THOUGH not so exclusively literary in its character as the popular Cyclopædia of the same author, the Miscellany is perhaps a more generally useful work. It abounds in various and important information judiciously conveyed. The "Life of Washington," in No. 10, now before us is alone worth double the price of the volume.

* Higelaec—king of Jutland, the kinsman of Beowulf.

The Lover's Gift: or, Tributes to the Beautiful. Edited by Mrs. Oakes Smith. 1 vol., 32mo. Hartford: Henry S. Parsons.

Now that *Anacreontics* are going out of fashion, and *Pindarics* are proscribed by the Peace Society, *Sapphics* seem to be coming freshly into vogue. The selections given in the little volume before us, could not have been guided by a more exquisite taste than that of the editor, whose critical ability at once so varied and so close, is unaffectedly shown in the following extracts from her well-written preface:

"In preparing this little tribute of heartfelt homage, the Editor has been struck with surprise at the comparative poverty of such materials among us, and the conviction has been forced home, that our time has not yet come. Tributes like these are either the compelled language of suffering hearts, which must find utterance under all hinderances, or the 'Love in Idleness' of a more refined state of society. Our readers must judge to which of these our various examples belong. I suspect we are a *thinking*, not very loving people. We are actors, not dreamers. The necessities of business call the lover from the midnight serenade to the dusty counter; from sonnet to his lady's eyebrow to day-book and ledger. The Poet must turn a penny for his song, and he must thence choose a subject of more general interest than the needs of his own heart.

"From this cause it may be, from the habitual and hereditary suppression of the more tender emotions, our poetry, abundant as it is, will be found to be mostly of a reflective, fanciful, and sentimental character. The deeper feeling, which pours itself into metaphor, as a relief from its very abundance, which conceives, invents, creates, is as yet sparingly developed among us. Our writers are constantly losing the power to be found only in condensed singly-applied effort, by launching away into generalizations; as if our poetic sympathies, like our political institutions, were to embrace the whole world. Our heroic is not a particular hero, but heroics in general; a lover does not write up his particular love, but tilts away at a whole array of Dulcineas.

There is a want of grasp of the poetic imagery among us, an absence of the poetic illusion in the writer, which alone can produce a like illusion in the reader. We do not challenge belief out of our own unscrupulous faith for the time being. Drake's Culprit Fay is a beautiful illustration of this fanciful fidelity, and the result is complete, for every reader is for the nonce an unflinching believer in all the trickiness and pomp of Faery-land. No one doubts as to the reality of Poe's Raven, the despair brooding over wisdom, which it shadows forth, for the author was the first to believe.

"In making our selections, it was necessary to confine ourselves to the rules implied in the above remarks. The individuality of the emotion involved was the rule of choice. In examining material, it has really been curious to observe how the different writers betrayed themselves in their subject; how often the devotee comes full of his offering, and how rarely both are forgotten in the idol before him. Love must and will instinctively reject all homage but that of the heart. The 'self-endearing' need no object of affection; the lover, lost in his poetic Art, wrapt in the melody of his own numbers, must be content therewith, for love smiles only upon the heart's utterance."

The Fairy of the Stream, and other Poems. By C. M. Farmer. Harold & Murray, Richmond, Va.

This is a volume of poems by a young Virginian, who tells us in his preface they were written with the view of beguiling his leisure hours, and for the purpose of celebrating some of the unsung scenes of his native State. The principal poem, "The Fairy of the Stream," is a narrative, in the octosyllabic metre, occupying

eighty-eight pages, in which a youth "on Staunton's shore," relates to the chosen of his heart a tale told him by the river's Fairy. We doubt the propriety, however, of permitting Virginian fairies to call themselves by names which have such a Pæonian sound as Nouchemal and Pirouz, and to talk about the "lone bulbul."

The other poems are "Alceste," a Spanish story; "Ki-tum-te-wa," an Indian legend, which is the most spirited article in the book; nine specimens of "Twilight Hours," and two series of "Heart Whispers."

The following lines, from Ki-tum-te-wa, or the Phantom Horseman, are a favorable specimen of the author's powers.

KI-TUM-TE-WA, beneath his Holy Tree,
Set mute and still in mystic reverie.
One moment—and he fixed his steadfast eyes
High on the mountain, towering to the skies.
One long and quivering blast, a broken tone,
Was o'er the beetling crags in echo borne;
And glancing in the moonlight, high and fair,
A crimson banner fluttered through the air,
Held by a phantom horseman o'er his head,
As up the sterile peaks he swiftly sped.

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